MYSTERY MAGAZINE

VOL. III No. 65
JULY 15, 1920

PRICE 10 CENTS

FEATURE STORY

QUICKER THAN THE EYE

BY RALPH CUMMINS

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Read "The Clue in the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie, In Our Next Number.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. III. JULY 15, 1920. No. 65

Copyright, 1920, by Frank Tousey, Publisher, New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter November 5, 1917, at the Post-Office a New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Twice a Month by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher
168 West 23d Street, New York
N. Hastings Wolff, Pres. E. Byrne, Treas.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.

LU. SENARENS, Editor

NOTICE—No letters will be answered or manuscripts returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. The publishers disclaim responsibility for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Authors must name price wanted for submitted material.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Domestic, Single Copy	10 Cents
Domestic, Yearly	$2.50
Canada	$2.75
Foreign	$3.00

All remittances should be sent by express money order, P. O. order, check, registered letter, or draft to insure safety. We will not be responsible for money sent otherwise.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY
QUICKER THAN THE EYE, by Ralph Cummins 1-10

SHORT STORIES
THE TELLER'S CLUE, by Raleigh E. Ross. 11-14
THE CLUE OF THE LIZARD PIN, by An Old Detective 15-18
THE CRIMSON SCAR, by Captain D. R. Bristow 19-20
A TOPAZ CUFF-BUTTON, by Emma Alice Jordan 21-23

DEPARTMENTS
THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE TELLING.. 24
THE MEANING OF DREAMS..... 25

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER
Thrifty Chinese Turn Peachstones Into Fuel. 23

CURRENT NEWS
1,200 Feet of Paper a Minute—An Extraordinary Wound—Rewed After Many Years—An Infant Prodigy—Would Explore Earth's Interior—Predicts Dr. Hyslop's Spirit Will Appear—Explorers Fight Amazon Savages. 26

QUICKER THAN THE EYE

By RALPH CUMMINS

CHAPTER ONE

IN THE PRESENCE OF WITNESSES

THERE were four of us grouped about Roger Callender's chair at the time of the tragedy. I recall perfectly our relative positions in the old broker's dingy little office; also, I remember clearly the occurrences that led to the meeting.

Callender had sent for me Saturday morning to make a change in his will. His old clerk, Jonas Treat, had called me up and I had gone right over. I had been Roger Callender's attorney for twenty years.

"Harrison," the old man had said to me, flicking his hard little eyes over his horn spectacles, "I'm going to change my will. Instead of leaving everything equally to the three, I shall leave it all to Grace in trust for Fred and Stella."

Jonas Treat, a little dried-up, very bald old man, who had been a professor of science before he starved out and went to work for Callender, had shown a peculiar satisfaction over the change in the will. However, I understood the reason. Old Treat had no use for Roger Callender's son Fred, while, on the other hand, he was a constant caller at the cottage home of Grace Margrave, Callender's widowed sister.

"Jonas," old Callender had said to his clerk after he had given me instructions in the matter of the new will, "I want you to have the interested parties here at nine Monday morning. I'm going to tell them just what I'm doing, then we'll go down to the safe deposit box in the Ballard Trust Company vaults. I plan to play safe with Fred—but I've made up my mind to give him a chance."

Jonas Treat had lost his satisfied expression and had looked strangely worried, but he had scribbled upon his little pad, and had assured Callender that Grace Margrave, her adopted daughter, Stella, and Fred Callender would be officially notified of the meeting.

So, promptly at nine o'clock on Monday morning, I climbed the dark stairs to Roger Callender's third floor office in the old Reedly Block. Grace Margrave, a thin, hard-featured woman of fifty, and Stella Margrave, a striking brunette, were seated in the outer office. Even as I spoke to them Roger Callender entered, nodded to me, growled a greeting to his sister, and strode into his private office.

Fred Callender, a slim, open-faced young fellow, hurried in as I followed the two women into the rear office. He was out of breath from running, and I saw him sigh with relief when he became sure that he was not late.

The private office of Roger Callender was small and dark, lighted only by a window that opened upon a narrow light well, and a transom over the single door. The high ceiling and the walls were covered with a brownish paper which made the room appear still darker. The old man's desk was placed against the wall just to the left of the door and nearly opposite the window. The whole room, and especially the corner in which the desk stood, was very dark. There was an old-fashioned gas fixture hanging from the ceiling, but I never had seen it lighted.

When I entered Callender was seated at the desk and the two women were standing back of his chair. I started to go back to the outer office for chairs, but Callender stopped me.

"Never mind, Harrison, we'll only be a minute. Let me see the new will."

I handed him the document and stood at his right as he unfolded it. But before he settled to read he glanced over shoulder, then frowned at the closed door.

"Where's Jonas?" he snapped and reached toward a buzzer button on the wall back of the narrow desk. Before he could press the button, however, he must have observed that I had started for the front office, for when I glanced back he was again settled in his chair.

Myrtle Hunt, Callender's young-old colorless stenographer, sniffed at my question.

"Mr. Treat spent Sunday up at his ranch," she said. "Mr. Callender knows he went—I heard Mr. Treat tell him."

"Yes," grunted Callender, when I reported to him that Treat had not arrived, "I knew he was going, but he should be here this morning. I want him to witness this. Well, he'll be here in a minute—I'll explain this new will."

Now I come to the point where the positions of those about Callender's chair become important. I stood on the old man's right. Opposite me and leaning upon the desk at Callender's left was his son. Directly back of the chair were the two women, Mrs. Margrave next to me and Stella on the side toward Fred.

"I am making no excuse for this change," said Callender in his sharp nervous voice. "What I have saved is mine to do with as I please."

I saw Fred Callender shoot a quick, inquiring glance toward the older woman and I was sure that his face hardened.

"Grace"—Callender addressed his sister—"with the exception of the bequests to Treat and with others mentioned in my previous will, I am leaving everything to you. Wait"—as Fred straightened with an angry exclamation—"I am leaving it to Grace in trust for Fred and Stella. The income is to be divided between you three until Grace dies. Then the property is to go equally to Stella and Fred."

In the instant of silence that followed I saw a triumphant gleam come into the hard eyes of Mrs. Margrave. Stella made a quick movement toward Fred, but the young man half turned away with a bitter laugh.

"So that's your idea of being fair!" he sneered. "Make me dependent on her! Well, I won't stand for anything like that—I——"

"Fred!" It was the soft voice of Stella Margrave that stopped the angry outburst. When I saw that girl's hand upon Fred's arm and read the look in her dark eyes, there came to me one reason why Fred Callender did not want to be dependent upon his shrewish aunt. It was very evident that he loved the black-haired girl. It was also apparent that Mrs. Margrave held little regard for Fred.

At Stella's exclamation the young man relaxed. The girl threw a quick glance at the back of the old man's head and I saw her eyes narrow. Certainly whatever was Fred's attitude on the matter of the new will was also hers.

"Steady now, Fred!" cautioned his father in the dry biting voice that I knew so well. "I'm planning for your good. After this is sighed we're all going down to the Ballard Trust Company. Then you'll understand how I'm planning for you. Now—why the devil isn't Jonas here?"

As I turned toward the door Roger Callender was reaching across the desk to push the buzzer button. I did not see whether he did push the button, or whether he decided to wait for me to look for his clerk.

I had no more than turned away when I heard a dull impact, followed at once by a wild scream behind me. I whirled.

Roger Callender was sprawled upon his desk, his right arm still extended toward the buzzer button. Mrs. Margrave was leaning over the chair back, her eyes wide with horror. Stella had turned away and covered her face with her hands. Fred was bending over his father, a blank look upon his face.

Then I looked closer at Callender. My heart stopped beating and I felt a shivery chill. There was a big knife hilt sticking from between his shoulders.

CHAPTER TWO

ENTER THE MYSTERY

At last I shook off my daze, stepped close beside the awkwardly slumped figure and peered at the face turned toward me upon the desk. The eyes showed white through half-closed flickering lids. The mouth hung open and there was a twitching of the thin lips. Blood was dripping from the nostrils. I looked again at the heavy knife hilt but I saw only a brown patch growing upon the back of the faded coat. Then Stella screamed again.

"Is—is he dead?" muttered Fred. His face was very white and his hands trembled so that he buried them in his coat pockets.

Before I could reply Mrs. Margrave gripped Fred by the arm.

"You've killed him!" she cried, her voice hard and shrill. "You—you murderer!"

Fred looked up from his father's body to his aunt's stern face. Then he seemed to realize the gravity of the situation.

"I—I didn't!" His eyes swept my face, paused upon Mrs. Margrave, then focused upon the knife hilt. "But who did it? Why, I was looking right at him!"

Just then I looked more closely at the projecting handle. It was of a very peculiar shape, the grip part being very slender, and having a wide hand-guard above it. My first impression was that the entire hilt was of metal.

Mrs. Margrave glared into Fred's face, and I thought for an instant that it was doubt that crept into her eyes. Then she faced me.

"Why don't you call the police?" she snapped. "Fred has killed his father!"

Before I could speak Stella came forward with a rush.

"Oh, he didn't do it!" she sobbed. "I—I know Fred didn't do it!"

Mrs. Margrave sniffed.

"You don't know what you're saying, Stella! Oh, I've always known what you were at heart, Fred Callender! You worthless, ungrateful son! I—aren't you going to call the police, Mr. Harrison?"

"Yes." I roused myself and walked to the door. "Perhaps we had better wait outside."

Mrs. Margrave led the girl through the door. Fred stared at his father's body until I spoke to him. Then he looked up at me and the puzzled surprise in his face changed to an expression of the deepest sorrow.

"Why—it can't be true!" he muttered. "Dad—he—is he really dead?"

I nodded and placed my hand upon his arm to lead him out. But he shook it off and threw himself upon his knees beside the body.

"Oh, dad!" he cried, and there was something in his sobbing voice that caused my throat to burn. "I'm sorry, dad! I—oh—he's dead! He is dead!"

I half carried him into the outer office. Mrs. Margrave was trying to quiet the girl, who was sobbing hysterically. Evidently Mrs. Margrave had told the stenographer about the tragedy, for that straw-haired little personage was walking back and forth and fumbling a pencil nervously.

"Oh, isn't this awful!" she moaned. "And Mr. Treat not here! He'd know what to do! Oh, Mr. Harrison"—she stepped close to me as I reached for the telephone—"who did it?"

I did not answer her. I called Dr. Banning, my physician, then managed to get the desk sergeant at the police station.

Dr. Banning arrived before the officers and followed me into the gloomy private office. First he looked closely at Callender's face, then he pressed his fingers upon the white temple, and lifted the lid of the uppermost eye. He just glanced at the knife hilt as he straightened.

"Dead!" he announced shortly. "I should say——"

Dr. Banning was interrupted by the arrival of the officers.

The two plain-clothes men entered with the quiet air of being very much at home. While one of them glanced at the body the other started to question Banning.

"Ask Mr. Harrison," returned the physician, "he was here."

"Who did this?" demanded the officer.

"I don't know," I replied with some impatience. "I did not see the blow struck."

The officer's searching glance made me uncomfortable.

"Well, I'll call the coroner," he said.

With Dr. Clary, the coroner, there came a stocky young man with sharp, darting eyes, whom I at first took to be a reporter. Later I learned that he was Tom Stevens, a police detective. While the coroner was examining the body and firing disconcerting questions at me, the detective stood quietly behind him taking it all in.

Clary, the coroner, was a big man with a long face and a blustery manner. While he walked around the body and peered about the room, he was drawing the story of the murder from me by a series of snapped-out questions.

"I've heard that Fred Callender was pretty wild," he commented after I had given him an outline of the circumstances that had led to the tragedy.

"His father seemed to think so, but Roger Callender was old-fashioned. What he considered wildness may only have been an excess of boyish spirits. Fred never was mixed up in the usual scrapes of the wild bunch."

"You say young Callender didn't like the idea of this new will?"

"He didn't, but that was because it made him dependent upon his aunt, who is very strict in her views. I understand that Fred is in love with Stella, his aunt's adopted daughter, and that Mrs. Margrave bitterly opposes the match."

The coroner gave me a suspicious look which I

took to mean that he had noticed that I was trying to protect Fred Callender.

"This sister doesn't live with the Callenders?"

"No, Mrs. Margrave and Stella live with one servant in a little cottage. Fred lives with his father."

Again the coroner studied the position of the body.

"What was he reaching for?" he asked, indicating the extended hand.

"The buzzer button," I replied. "He was calling the girl in the outer office."

"Who else was outside?"

"She was alone, I believe. Treat, Callender's clerk, had not arrived. He is not here yet."

But when I stepped into the outer office a few minutes later, Jonas Treat was there. He left Mrs. Margrave, from whom he had just learned of the tragedy, and hurried to me. He was deeply moved.

"Is there anything I can do?" he mumbled, plucking at his frayed cuffs with trembling fingers. "It is horrible! It doesn't seem possible that he is dead—and—I was away! If I'd been here—I—I'll never forgive myself for being late!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Brace up!"

"But who did it?" He peered at me, his bluish eyes blinking, his thin lips twitching.

"I don't know," I replied shortly.

Dr. Clary came to the door, glanced sharply at Fred Callender and the two women, and beckoned to me. Within the private office the detective was examining the knife hilt with a magnifying-glass and a flashlight. He straightened and shook his head. The coroner turned to me.

"I notice that the ladies are now wearing gloves," he said. "Did they have them on while in this room?"

"I cannot say," I replied after a moment's thought. "I am quite sure that Mrs. Margrave had her gloves on—it seems that I remember seeing them when she rested her hands upon the chair back."

"And Miss Margrave?"

"I am not sure—I cannot remember seeing her without them."

"Did you wear gloves, Mr. Harrison?" He snapped that at me so quickly that I jumped.

"No," I replied. "I had no gloves with me."

"Did Fred Callender wear gloves?"

I raised my eyes impatiently. I saw no reason for that line of questioning.

"I am sure Fred did not wear gloves," I said.

"Well"—I saw Clary give the detective a meaning glance—"let's get the positions straight in my mind. Show me how you were standing around the chair."

I explained carefully just how the four of us were grouped. I walked around from the position I had occupied, pausing for a moment in the position of each of the others.

"Now, let me get that straight," mumbled Clary. "You were on the old man's right and his son was on his left, with the two women directly behind. Now do you mean to tell me that you did not see the blow struck?"

"I do," I responded with some warmth. "I was starting for the door—I was partly turned away."

"Now, those threats of Fred Callender's—just what did he say?"

"There were no threats," I denied. "Fred protested against the change in the will. Callender had said that he was going to leave his entire property to his sister in trust for Fred and Stella. Naturally Fred understood that to mean that he would be dependent on his aunt."

"You say Fred understood it that way. Wasn't that as his father intended?"

"No, Mr. Callender had not explained fully. He intended after the new will was signed to take his heirs down to the Ballard Trust vaults where he kept the bulk of his fortune in bonds, and give each of the three five thousand dollars."

"And the heir didn't know that?"

"I'm sure Fred didn't. Mr. Callender told me about it Saturday when he gave me instructions about the new will."

"Who else knew about that phase of it?"

"Only his clerk Treat, as far as I know. He was present. I recall that Callender told Treat to take certain lists of bonds with him when he went to the vaults with the party to-day."

"Then"—the coroner paused impressively—"who would be anxious for the previous will to remain in effect?"

"No one should," I retorted impatiently. "It was a good will either way—and—well the new arrangement was better with the heirs all around, for Mr. Callender's plan was to pay each of them an income out of the estate."

Clary sniffed and eyed me impatiently.

"But Fred Callender didn't know that! He thought that he was cut off with only a third of the income, possibly for many years."

I shrugged my shoulders and refused to argue for I realized the strength of his contention. But to think that Fred Callender had murdered his father! No, I could not believe it!

"This clerk, Treat—who is he?" queried the coroner.

"Jonas Treat has been Callender's confidential man for years. Callender left pretty much everything to him."

"Where was he when this happened?"

I shook my head with a puzzled frown.

"He hadn't arrived. It seems that he spent Sunday at a ranch he has up the country and he hadn't returned."

CHAPTER THREE

THE KNIFE

THE coroner withdrew the knife by the three-inch guard at the top of the handle, and laid it upon a newspaper. It was a deadly appearing thing, with a heavy six-inch blade that had a

needle-like point. The handle was very light and slender, but that bar at the top end gave it a bulky appearance.

Finally Clary was satisfied with his examination of the body and his inspection of the room.

"I'll see the others now," he announced, "then I'll have the body removed."

We went into the other office.

"Now," began the coroner when he faced Mrs. Margrave, her daughter and Fred Callender, "we should be able to get at this quickly. There were four of you standing around Callender's chair when he was murdered. One of you did it. Surely one of the other three saw the blow. Now, who saw it?"

There was no reply. Fred shook his head. Mrs. Margrave stared at the questioner. Stella bit her lip in an effort to preserve her semblance of control.

"This is silly!" snapped Dr. Clary. "Standing as you were around that chair one of you must have seen some part of the movement that drove the knife into the old man's back. Mr. Harrison has explained that he was going toward the door. Mrs. Margrave, how were you occupied?"

"I must have been looking toward the door," she replied, frowning with the effort to remember. "But I had looked back almost before—before he fell forward. I know I was looking at the knife when Stella screamed."

"Why did you scream, Miss Margrave?" demanded the coroner.

"I screamed because—why—I saw the knife!"

Ah!" Clary drew a satisfied breath. "You saw the knife before the fatal stroke?"

"I—I don't know." The girl looked about helplessly. "Maybe I saw only the handle."

"Didn't you see a hand—an arm?"

"I think—I saw a flash—of something white."

The coroner frowned, but I saw the detective behind him rouse with a sudden interest.

"Wasn't it a hand you saw?" persisted Dr. Clary.

But Stella Margrave shook her head.

"It—no, I'm sure it wasn't a hand."

Suddenly the coroner turned to Fred.

"What did you see, Mr. Callender?" he demanded.

Fred gave a hopeless gesture.

"That's what is driving me wild," he said plaintively. "I was looking right at dad. I saw the knife in his back before he dropped upon the desk, but—but I saw no one strike the blow. I saw a flash of something that might have been an arm."

Dr. Clary looked from face to face, his mouth settling into hard lines. With an abrupt movement, he drew a newspaper-wrapped object from his coat pocket.

"I want to ask you if you ever saw this before."

He finished unrolling the paper and held up the blood-stained knife. I was looking at the two women. There was no doubt of their recognition. Mrs. Margrave almost sprang from her chair, and Stella cried out. And when my eyes came around to Fred Callender I saw that he, too, was staring.

"Well?" The coroner's voice was persuasive. "Mrs. Margrave, tell me whose knife it is."

"It is mine," she replied, striving to control her voice. "It belongs to a collection of East Indian weapons that the late Mr. Margrave brought home."

She hesitated as if she would say more, and her hard little eyes fixed themselves upon young Callender. Fred was leaning forward, and I thought his attitude was one of extreme anxiety. When Mrs. Margrave started to speak again Stella caught her arm and whispered quickly in her ear.

"Where do you keep this collection?" asked Dr. Clary.

"It is in our hall—a fan-shaped design over a seat."

"And you are sure that this knife belongs to that collection?"

"I am certain it is the knife."

Again I saw Stella whisper. Evidently Clary saw it too, for he smiled triumphantly.

"When did you last see this knife in its place?"

"On Thursday night."

Stella made a despairing gesture, turned away and buried her face in her hands.

"Then it was removed from the collection—by whom?"

Mrs. Margrave swept a pitying, half-scornful glance over the tearful girl, and glared angrily at Fred Callender.

"My daughter Stella removed the knife and gave it to Fred Collender. He took it home with him—he wanted to study an inscription on that bar on the handle."

"And that was the last time you saw it until to-day?"

"It is."

Fred, who had been gazing at his aunt, frowned at her reply and opened his mouth to speak. Then he looked at Stella and turned away.

Suddenly the detective whispered to Clary, who nodded.

"Mr. Callender," said the coroner quietly, "will you let me see your handkerchief?"

Without looking up, Fred pulled a white handkerchief from his coat pocket. Clary caught it by two corners and whipped it out. There was a big smear of blood upon it.

"Blood!" exclaimed Clary, and his voice made me shiver.

Callender stared at the tell-tale splotch, and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I—I must have dropped it on the floor," he stammered.

The coroner folded the handkerchief carefully, placed it in his pocket and surveyed those about him.

"That will be all for to-day," he announced. "I shall hold an inquest at ten to-morrow morn-

ing. Stevens, you will see that these people are present?"

The detective nodded.

"I'm going to let you all go for the present," he said kindly. "However, I shall have your homes watched. You will be required to attend the inquest to-morrow. That is all for the present. Mr. Harrison, will you remain a few minutes? I would like to ask you a question or two."

CHAPTER FOUR

A LITTLE PIECE OF OAK

DETECTIVE STEVENS kept me with him until one o'clock. I stood around in the gloomy private office while he went over every inch of the floor. He peered out of the window, and up at the dark papered ceiling. He pulled the long, narrow desk out from the wall and looked behind it.

I was glad to be permitted to witness his search for clues, for I always had been boyishly interested in detective work, and I was becoming more than curious about this mysterious case.

"What's this button?" Stevens asked, poking it with his finger.

"That's a buzzer in the outer office," I told him.

"I don't hear it," he muttered, cocking his ear on one side and poking it again. "Well, I've seen everything here."

We went into the front office, and Stevens questioned the colorless stenographer while he peered into the closets. Then he cornered the still blubbery Treat and pumped him for half an hour.

"When did you last see your employer alive?" he asked.

"Saturday afternoon at four-thirty."

"Where was he?"

"He was leaving the office. He always left at that time on Saturdays."

"What did you do after he left?"

"I finished my work. Then I went to my room. Later I went out to my ranch."

"Where is that?"

"Up Lancaster way. It is an hour by trolley."

"You spent Sunday up there and came back this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did you leave your ranch this morning?"

"I left my place at twenty minutes of eight, and I missed my car and didn't leave the Lancaster station until nine. That was how I came to be late—I missed the eight o'clock car."

Stevens seemed to have asked those questions as a matter of form. I saw that he took little interest in the replies. I even thought that his mind was elsewhere.

"You are quite familiar with Mr. Callender's affairs, Mr. Treat?"

"Oh, yes, I've been with him fifteen years."

"You know all about this will change?"

"Yes, but I don't suppose I know any more about it than Mr. Harrison does. My employer felt that his son should make something for himself—so he decided to give him a chance, by giving him some responsibility."

"Give him a chance? What do you mean? I thought the new will was not so favorable to Fred as the old one."

I wondered why Stevens was still probing a point which seemed to have been made perfectly clear; then I realized that he still suspected that the will had something to do with the murder, and was merely persistent.

"Possibly the will was not so favorable to his son," replied Treat, "but Roger Callender had planned to give each of his three heirs five thousand dollars in bonds when he signed that will. He told me that if Fred didn't squander that money he'd give him the same amount each year."

Stevens nodded. "Those bonds you mention—where did he keep them?"

"In a safe deposit box in the Ballard Trust vaults."

"You have access to this box, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"You are familiar with the contents?"

Treat hesitated for just an instant, and I thought that it was anxiety that crept into his wavering blue eyes. Then he straightened and a ring of pride sounded in his voice.

"I have handled these matters for ten years," he said.

"All right, Treat, I may want to see you again. I think I'll take a look through that box to-morrow."

After the old man had shuffled out Stevens sat carefully down in Callender's chair and spread his feet to avoid the mess of congealed blood on the floor.

"Do you make anything out of it?" I brought myself to ask.

"Oh, we're just collecting evidence now," Stevens replied easily. "After the inquest to-morrow we'll get a real start."

"Would you mind telling me why you made so much of that bloody handkerchief?"

Stevens squinted up at my face through a screen of cigarette smoke.

"There were no finger prints on the knife hilt," he said. "So the murderer wore gloves—or——"

"Or covered his hand with a handkerchief," I finished.

"Exactly. And you remember Miss Margrave mentioned a flash of something white."

I could see the plain trail of circumstantial evidence, but still I would not think that the boyish Fred Callender could have killed his father. I told the detective so. He shrugged his shoulders and gave a nervous laugh.

"Oh, I'm not accusing him. In fact, I think—by the way, what is this?"

He took a folded envelope from his pocket and picked out a small object which he handed to me. It was a piece of wood an inch long. It had one split side triangular in shape. It was covered with blood stains.

"It's oak," I stated. "I'd say it was off a chair leg, or possibly off the desk."

"It has a corner," muttered Stevens, "so it couldn't be from a chair like this, for those legs are round. It might have come off the desk."

"Where did you find it?"

"Right here—under this chair. Let's look at the bottom of the desk."

The desk was a battered flat top affair, rather long and quite narrow, with drawers on each side of the chair space. We pulled it out and turned it on its side. But the triangular piece of oak had not been broken from the desk.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE INQUEST

THE inquest served only to deepen the mystery. I was the first witness. I told of the meeting with Roger Callender and Treat on Saturday, and of what I had seen and heard in the private office at the time of the murder. Dr. Clary appeared satisfied that I could not have seen the actual blow, for he soon excused me and called Jonas Treat.

Of course, the old clerk could know nothing of the happenings in the office before the time of his arrival, and after a few questions relating to Treat's movements and to Callender's business affairs, Dr. Clary turned his inquiries in the direction of the old clerk's knowledge of the relations that existed between the parties.

"Is it true that your employer considered his son wild?"

"Well, Fred did not take an interest in the business. His father worried about it."

"Did they ever quarrel over the matter?"

"I wouldn't say that they quarreled. They had some arguments, but nothing serious. Mr. Callender expected too much of his son. Fred was as steady as most boys of his age."

"Was Mr. Callender on friendly terms with his sister?"

Treat showed a strange hesitation. He bit his lips and glanced about the room, but I noticed that he did not look at Mrs. Margrave.

"They were on friendly terms," he replied at last. "But Mr. Callender did not see his sister often."

I looked quickly at Mrs. Margrave and caught a sneering smile that puzzled me. Was Treat keeping something back, and was Mrs. Margrave aware of it?

"To your knowledge did Mr. Callender have any enemies?" asked the coroner after exchanging a few whispered words with the detective.

"He had business enemies, but I'm sure none of them would wish him dead."

"Then in your opinion, Mr. Treat, not one of the four persons in the office at the time of his death had a reason for wishing him dead?"

The witness hesitated just a fraction of a second longer than he should.

"Why, no, sir!" he stated emphatically.

Fred Callender was the next witness. As far as the murder was concerned, he told the same story as I had just related.

"You say you saw a flash of something. Was it a hand?"

"I don't know."

"You realize that one of the four persons present must have used that knife?"

Fred nodded.

"You recognize the knife?"

"Yes, it belongs to Mrs. Margrave."

"You have seen it in her collection?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see it there?"

Fred hesitated, and before he could speak Stella Margrave sprang up.

"You shall not accuse Fred," she cried, her eyes blazing. "He did not do it!"

"Just a moment, young lady," cautioned Clary. "We'll listen to you in a minute."

"But Fred couldn't have done it," persisted the girl. "He——"

"Mrs. Margrave caught her by the arm and drew her into the seat. Clary again addressed Fred.

"Now, Mr. Callender, tell me about this knife."

"I took it home with me last Thursday night, but I"—he looked at Stella and shook his head—"I don't know how it came here."

"Now," went on the coroner, taking the blood-stained handkerchief from his pocket, "is this yours?"

Fred nodded, and I was sure that I saw relief in his manner. For some reason he had dreaded being questioned about the knife.

"Can you explain these blood marks?"

"I—I must have dropped it," stammered the young man. "I'm sure I had it in my hand. I—I must have dropped it—and picked it up."

"Is it true that you are not on friendly terms with your aunt, Mrs. Margrave?"

"She doesn't like me. That's all."

"Why doesn't she like you?"

"Oh, she's very strict—says I'm shiftless—and wild—and she——"

"What?"

"Well, she objects to my calling on Stella."

"Have you had trouble over that?"

"Never any trouble. I've called on Stella once or twice a week, but my aunt always made it plain that I was unwelcome."

"Did your father object to your attentions to Miss Margrave?"

"No." Fred threw back his head. "On the contrary, he urged me to marry her."

"That's a lie!" snapped Mrs. Margrave.

Dr. Clary held up a silencing hand.

"Had you discussed this matter recently with your father?"

"We talked about it Sunday afternoon."

"A friendly discussion?"

"Yes."

"How do you explain your outburst when your father stated the terms of the new will?"

"I was just sore, that was all. We had talked about my aunt's objections—to me seeing Stella, and father gave me to understand that—that everything would be all right. When he said that he was leaving everything to her I thought he'd changed his mind."

"That is, you thought that in that case your aunt would be in a better position to repulse your attentions to Miss Margrave?"

"Yes."

"Would it have made any difference to you had you known just what your father meant to do?"

"Yes, it would. It was being dependent on my aunt that troubled me."

"That's all. Now we'll hear you, Miss Margrave."

There was a frightened look in the girl's eyes, but she bit her lip and faced the coroner bravely.

"How old are you, Miss Margrave?"

"Twenty."

After a few more preliminary questions he came to the important one.

"I shall ask you if you saw the blow struck that killed Roger Callender?"

"I—I did not."

"You were looking away?"

"No—I was looking at his back as he reached across the desk. Then I saw Uncle Roger fall forward—and—and I saw the knife!"

"Just now you stated positively that Fred Callender could not have killed his father. Will you please explain?"

"He—he couldn't have done it—because—I was holding his hand."

Mrs. Margrave tossed her head with a sniff, but Dr. Clary smiled and dismissed the witness.

Mrs. Margrave, when called, insisted that she could not say who had struck the fatal blow. Her story brought out nothing new. She admitted that the knife belonged to her. She was quite positive that Fred had taken it away on Thursday evening and had not returned it.

At noon Dr. Clary adjourned his little court to meet at two o'clock. Everybody appeared puzzled at the lack of something definite, that is, everybody except Stevens, who sat throughout the proceedings with scarcely a word.

As I was going out the detective stopped me.

"Would you mind going over to the Callender office with me, Mr. Harrison? I want to look the place over again, and I need a guide."

CHAPTER SIX

EVIDENCE FOR FRED

I HAD liked Stevens from the first, and I was glad to go with him on any clue-hunting expedition. As I have said, I was interested in detective work, and I had come to have an absorbing interest in this seemingly unsolvable problem. So I resolved to cultivate this man Stevens, to the end that I would be permitted to witness his work from the inside.

We found the stenographer, Myrtle Hunt, in charge of the office. I explained our business and she merely shuddered.

Stevens at once developed the most dogged thoroughness. He persisted in going through every room on that floor. There was a dentist in front, then a real estate agent, with a lawyer and a mining promoter sharing the third room. Next to the latter, and at the rear of the building, were the two Callender rooms. Stevens led the way into each of these rooms and asked a few senseless questions in a pleasant manner. He dug into the closets and peered out of the windows, and even climbed a pair of steep stairs to an enormous attic under the roof. I followed him on a long prowl through the darkness. There was no floor in the attic, only a few rough boards laid upon the joists. A misstep would have meant a plunge through the plaster into the room below.

In one corner there was a pile of boxes containing files of some long defunct business. Near the head of the stairs were some carpenter's trestles, and a janitor's mop and bucket. Hanging against the wall of the stairway was a stepladder.

At last we reached the private office, and Stevens went all over the room again. Nothing had been disturbed. The brown smear of dried blood still remained on the desk and floor. Stevens sat down in the chair, leaned back and looked at the desk for a long time. Once he got up, walked to the window and looked back at the desk.

"What do you make of it, Harrison?" he asked carelessly as if his mind were somewhere else.

"I haven't a guess left," I replied. "I know I didn't kill him, so it must have been one of those three."

"All right. Let's consider them one at a time. We'll take young Callender first. Let's not worry about a motive now. If we get right down to it none of them had a killing motive. The important points against Fred Callender are: His threatening outburst against his father and his possession of the knife and the blood-stained handkerchief."

"Very well," I argued. "I'll take the other side. In the first place, Miss Margrave testified that they were holding hands."

"Callender has a left hand."

"Which he could have used," I admitted. "But

here is a point that touches any one we may suspect. Whoever murdered Roger Callender must have carried that knife into the room."

Stevens nodded quickly. "Which means that the crime was planned before the heirs knew of the will change. However, we have to conclude that Fred Callender may have carried that knife there, and that he may have used it—with his left hand."

Again Stevens nodded agreement.

"Yet, it is possible that they were not holding hands. Stella Margrave shows plainly that her interest is centered in Fred."

"But in considering Miss Margrave's possible guilt," I insisted, "the fact that the knife was in Fred's possession eliminates Stella and her mother."

A cunning gleam came into the detective's eyes.

"But supposing that Fred Callender returned the knife to its place in the Margrave hall?"

I sat upon the desk very abruptly. "Is that a fact?" I demanded.

"Yes. He called at the Margraves early Saturday evening. The Margrave maid admitted him. She saw him replace the knife before he went into the parlor."

"But why didn't he say so?"

"Why, indeed?" The detective grinned at me. "Fred Callender wants us to think that he did not return it."

"Because he suspects one of them?"

"Yes, neither Stella nor Mrs. Margrave knew that he returned the knife."

"Then the murder may have been committed by one of the women?"

Stevens ducked his head. "Yes, but suppose we now eliminate those who have indicated their innocence by attempting to shield some one else."

"Why, both Fred and Stella did that!" I exclaimed.

"Also Mrs. Margrave—she fainted when she learned that Fred had replaced the knife in the collection."

"Mrs. Margrave! Why, she had a whole lot to gain if Callender lived to sign the new will!"

"Oh, it wasn't guilt that caused her to faint. She now suspects Stella. When I left her last night she was about ready to confess to protect the girl. Er—was the stenographer in the room at all?"

"Not until later. And Treat, the clerk, had not arrived. That is, he said so, and I didn't see him."

"Oh, that part's all right. I made some inquiries last night, and I found that the old fellow told a straight story. He was on an electric car twenty miles from here when Callender was killed. But—I understand he has pretentions in the direction of Mrs. Margrave."

"Yes," I sniffed, "and I've seen enough to know that she rails at him on occasions just as she does at Fred. But we're not getting anywhere. There seems to be no possible explanation."

"There will be," stated Stevens positively as he rose. "Somebody killed Roger Callender and we'll find the murderer."

He took a turn about the room and came back to the desk. For some time he stared at the stained desk top, then he began carefully moving each article. Then with my help he carried the desk out from the wall. He pawed around in the cobwebs for some time, but I could not see that he discovered anything. Finally he stood back and looked at the wall.

"That button—a buzzer?"

"Yes, to call the girl in the outer office."

"I see."

He poked the button carelessly, and I heard the faint hiss in the other room. I saw the detective cock his head upon one side and push the button again. There was a strange eagerness in his manner as he looked at me. But before he could speak the stenographer opened the door.

"You were ringing for me?"

"Yes," replied Stevens easily. "I wanted to ask you some questions. Mr. Callender used this buzzer, I presume, when he wanted you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, do you remember if he called you yesterday morning?"

"No, sir, he did not."

"And you didn't hear it yesterday morning just before the alarm from this room?"

The girl shook her head decidedly.

"Now, Miss Hunt, is it your understanding that Mr. Callender was quite rich?"

"Yes, I've heard that he had a hundred thousand dollars in bonds besides his real estate."

"Where were the bonds kept?"

"In a safe deposit box at the Ballard Trust Company."

"Do you have access to that box?"

"Oh, no. Only Mr. Treat has a key; that is, besides Mr. Callender himself. But I don't think Mr. Callender ever looked after such things any more. Mr. Treat attended to all that."

"All right, Miss Hunt, and thank you very much. I'll get Mr. Treat to go with me to take a look into that deposit box. I may find something there that will throw a light on this mystery."

Treat came in as we were preparing to go out. The old man's face was drawn.

Treat turned to the detective. "Have you discovered anything yet, sir?"

"Not yet," replied Stevens patiently, "but we've only begun. This is a puzzling case."

Treat hesitated for a moment, then addressed Stevens resolutely.

"I have something to tell you—there was one fact about that knife that didn't come out at the inquest. Fred Callender returned the knife before the day of the murder."

Stevens's eyes narrowed. "That is an important point," he said. "How do you know that, Mr. Treat?"

"I called at Mrs. Margrave's Saturday evening. I am positive that the knife was then in its place."

"At what time Saturday evening did you call?"

"About nine, I should say."

"How long did you stay?"

"Only a moment. I—er—I did not seem welcome."

Stevens smiled his understanding. "I have noticed that Mrs. Margrave has a biting tongue."

Old Treat straightened his bent shoulders and a flash of fire came into his eyes.

"She is a virago, sir!" he snapped.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FATE OF THE GUILTY.

ROGER CALLENDER'S funeral was held on Wednesday. The service was read in the chapel of the undertaking establishment, after which we all followed the remains of Roger Callender to Rosedale Cemetery.

Stevens, the detective, did not attend the funeral services, but he drove into the cemetery in a taxi just as the body was being lowered into the grave.

"When do you expect to stage your formality of reading the will?" he asked when he had edged in beside me.

"I hadn't thought of it," I replied. "Any time."

"How would this afternoon suit you?" he asked, and I realized that he had some reason for directing my plans.

I agreed. Any time suited me.

"Very well. Suppose you give out a sort of notice that you will read the will at three o'clock in Callender's office, and ask those interested to be present?"

For a moment I was going to suggest that the meeting be held in my office rather than in that gloomy place, but before I could bring myself to speak Stevens had turned away and was walking back to his machine.

So at three o'clock we were all assembled in the dingy little office. There were Mrs. Margrave and Stella, Fred Callender, Jonas Treat, Myrtle, the stenographer, and Callender's old housekeeper. A husky stranger came in with Stevens, and I felt sure that he was an officer. I began to wonder if the detective had succeeded in discovering something.

I read the will. It gave five thousand dollars each to Jonas Treat and to the old housekeeper and a thousand to Myrtle Hunt. The remainder was to be divided equally between the three principal beneficiaries. The Ballard Trust Company was to be the executor.

As I folded the will Mrs. Margrave, with a hold on Stella's arm, started from the room, but Stevens stepped to the front and detained them with his quiet voice.

"Just a moment, folks. While you are all here I would like to make an informal report of what I have discovered."

Everybody became interested at once. As for myself, it came to me in a flash that Stevens had discovered the murderer.

The detective became suddenly brisk and full of business. He lifted the chair aside, then carried up a step-ladder from where it had been standing in a corner. He placed the step-ladder in front of the desk, then he drew the knife from a drawer and climbed the ladder.

I heard a gasp beside me, but I was too deeply interested in Stevens's actions to note its source.

Near the top of the ladder the detective halted, grasped the knife by the blade and poked the bar of the hilt against the paper of the ceiling. Then I blinked my eyes, for he descended the ladder, leaving the knife hanging from the ceiling.

"There you have the murderer's trap just as I have reconstructed it." I saw Stevens glance warningly at the husky man, who was edging through the group. "The lath and plaster is removed from a small surface, and a big magnet holds the knife through the paper. The magnet is connected with the wires and cells used to operate the buzzer in the outside office. When this button is pressed the current is broken and the knife falls."

He climbed upon the side of the desk and reached toward the button as if to demonstrate the devilish trap, then he caught my puzzled frown, and stepped back with a grin.

"I got my first hint from the fact that the buzzer did not ring on the morning of the murder—I pushed the button myself. But later that day the murderer removed the magnet, hid it in the attic and connected the wires again with the buzzer, so that when I poked the button yesterday it worked.

"Another vital clue, Harrison, was the little piece of oak I showed you. I found that it came from the leg of this step-ladder, which the janitor keeps in the attic stairway."

"But who——" I began.

"It was the one person with a motive. Roger Callander announced his intention of going over the contents of his deposit box—and the murderer had been stealing the bonds. So the murderer planned this on Saturday night, after carrying the knife from the Margrave hall, and—look out, Jim!"

His warning to the husky officer was too late. A slight figure shot across the room, hurled the ladder aside and threw itself upon the center of the desk. Shaking fingers pressed the buzzer button.

There was the flash of steel, and a soft thud. The peculiar knife hilt quivered in the back of Jonas Treat.

The Teller's Clue

By RALEIGH E. ROSS.

DETECTIVE KELLY strolled toward the Avondale Bank without any suspicion of impending trouble. Indeed, being just off duty, his mind was on pleasant things, such as the warm supper which he knew his wife was preparing and the game of ball he would have with his youthful son and heir in the evening.

If any one had told Detective Kelly that he would not partake of this supper and that there would be no game of "catch" with his son, Thomas Junior, afterward, the informant would have been called crazy; yet would have spoken the truth.

There was nothing about the white-pillared entrance of the bank to suggest the "lull before the storm." Kelly noticed as he approached that one of the front doors was open. Considering that it was the last day of September, this was nothing unusual. Kelly remembered that on the last day of each month the force of the Avondale Bank always worked until six and sometimes far into the evening.

Leaning against one of the pillars was a man whom the detective knew. He was dressed in a brown suit and listlessly eating an apple. Kelly had never liked him and regarded him with disfavor as he approached. But the detective, knowing the man, had no suspicions.

From the opposite direction a heavy wagon was approaching, driven by a red-faced son of Erin who seemed in no particuar hurry. The storm was gathering. The man in the brown suit showed his recognition of this by tossing the apple from him, though it was only half eaten. Kelly, who was almost abreast of him, hardly noticed.

Then he glanced into the open door of the bank. Instantly his manner changed. His hand flew to his hip, but not more quickly than that of the man in the brown suit. Two reports rang out, and Kelly crumpled silently to the sidewalk. The brown-suited man coolly examined a scratch on the marble just above his head—the mark of the bullet from Kelly's revolver. The red-faced man had halted his team just in the rear of an automobile which stood at the curb a few yards to the right of the entrance to the bank.

Out rushed four men, all carrying sacks or bundles of money, which they threw into the car. The brown-suited man was already at the wheel. A half minute and they were off in a cloud of dust.

The teamster bent over the unconscious man on the walk, tore away the clothing from the wound and tried to staunch the flow of blood as best he could. A crowd was gathering. An ambulance came clanging down the street, and a surgeon bent over the detective for a moment and shook his head gravely.

"Rush him to the hospital," he directed. "He has one chance in ten of ever regaining consciousness.

A second clanging motor rushed up and discharged its cargo of earnest bluecoats. The crowd was driven back and some semblance of order restored by the time the president's limousine purred up to the entrance. The president alighted very quickly, for him. In the doorway stood the teamster, red-faced as ever, carefully wiping blood from his fingers with a red bandana handkerchief.

"Come with me," requested the president crisply.

The teamster followed silently.

Under the president's direction, the employees, five in number, were released from the vaults where they had been locked up.

The front door was now closed, and a cordon of policemen kept the curious crowd back.

"Come into this room," requested the president, "and we'll talk things over."

They followed him—a police captain, a plain-clothes man, the five employees and the teamster. As the nine entered the directors' room, the president pressed a button which disclosed an imposing array of mahogany chairs and a long, shining table. He motioned to the chairs, taking the one at the head of the table, perhaps just from habit.

"Before we determine the amount of the loss," began the president, "I think we ought to get the facts straight so that any clues can be followed while they are warm. Don't you think so, captain?"

It was the first notice he had shown of the police, and the captain swelled up importantly.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Marvin. It is uncommonly wise of you. I've investigated three bank robberies lately, and every time the bank officers have made first for the rifled cages and the vault. They're willing to help us afterward."

"Do not imagine that I do not feel the loss," said the president, "and even more than that the shooting of Detective Kelly. He lives in the neighborhood, and has always banked here and is a warm friend of mine. I suspect that our insurance will cover a great share of our loss. But, if he dies, nothing can atone for Kelly."

The white-haired president's blue eyes flashed. For the first time this evening he showed signs of deep feeling.

"I want you men here to spread the informa-

tion that I will pay out of my own pocket $500 for information leading up to the arrest of any one of the bandits; in others words, $2,500 for the capture of the five, and for less than five $500 a man. Now, captain, you can conduct your examination."

This speech was of particular interest to Teller Barr. He felt keenly the shooting of the detective, who was a regular depositor at his window. Further, he was chagrined at the bandits catching him unprepared, even after hours. Finally, he had picked out the girl, but marriage, considering the tiny nest egg so far accumulated from his wages, looked a long way ahead. He badly needed the $2,500 or any part of it. Consequently, he was probably the most interested one in the room in the capture of the bandits, and determined to listen closely to the examination and try to discover some clue which the policemen overlooked. His chances, perhaps, were equal with theirs, for, though their brains were trained along the line of apprehending criminals, his intellect was sharpened through having been forced to be so keenly observant in his daily work. Ray Barr had often thought that he would have liked to be a detective had he not stumbled into banking.

The captain was hardly less interested, though this was "all in the day's work" for him. Four bank hold-ups inside of six weeks in his district, which had been considered one of the cleanest in Chicago, made his record look bad. He feared the heavy hand of Chief Garrity if this gang was not speedily caught.

The testimony of those who had been inside of the bank was all of about the same nature. They had suddenly looked up to find masked men with leveled revolvers making the customary demand, "Hands up." They had all been marched quickly into the vault and locked in. The bandits had seemed to know the location of the burglar alarms, for when Ray Barr had attempted to deviate from the straight course to the vault a little to kick an alarm, the bandit nearest him had ordered him sharply back to the right and told him that another break in that direction would bring a bullet.

"Who was the senior man present?" asked the captain.

"I was," replied Assistant Cashier Brandon.

"Where was the cashier, Mr. Carter?"

"He left Saturday, the 25th, for a month's vacation."

"And Vice-President Stevens?"

The captain was getting the names from a bank statement lying handy.

"Mr. Stevens had gone home shortly after the president left."

"Could any one recognize any of the men?"

"I'm sure that I could pick out one," said Ray Barr. "They all were well masked, but this one had peculiar gray eyes, was short and had a triangular scar on his chin."

The chief grunted approvingly.

The captain turned resignedly to the teamster.

"Did you see the shooting?"

"I did, sir."

"Where were you?"

"I was almost even with the bank when it started."

"I swerved my team to the curb, pulling up just back of the automobile, which was about five yards my side of the bank entrance. It wasn't right opposite the door."

"What did you see when you approached?"

"A fellow in a brown suit leaned against one of those pillars, eating an apple. As the detective came almost up to him, he threw the apple away and straightened up as if he expected the detective to speak to him. Really he was getting ready to shoot, I guess. The detective looked his way, but didn't say anything. A minute later they were shooting."

"After the detective fell, what did the man do?"

"Put his revolver in his pocket and looked at the pillar a minute. Then he shouted in the door, "Hurry up." Without waiting to see if they were coming he ran out and cranked the machine —it was a big green one—and jumped into the chauffeur's seat."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about this man?"

"He was an ugly looking fellow. Seems as if I had seen him somewhere. But he had on fine clothes, a silk shirt and tan shoes, besides that brown suit. When he opened his mouth to yell I happened to notice that one of his teeth was missing. Maybe more. They looked very uneven."

The captain and the plain-clothes man exclaimed together: "Saw-tooth Charlie."

"Just out of Joliet," the captain explained to President Marvin. "He was sent up for two years for stickin' up a man near here. Evidently he is up to his old tricks."

"I think I read something about his case," declared President Marvin. "He was pardoned by the governor at the end of six months, wasn't he, because the crime had not been very clearly proven against him and because of his previous clear record?"

"Yeah," admitted the captain disgustedly, "but he did that job all right, even if the citizen couldn't positively identify him. His six months has been up about six days, and I'll bet a new hat that he pulled this job. But I'll get him."

The meeting adjourned, the captain taking the name and address of the teamster and permitting him to go. It had grown dark outside. While the policemen and the plain-clothes man inspected the premises minutely for finger-prints, marks or clues of any kind, the bank's force, under the president's direction, examined the cash and securities left after the raid. The two groups finished at about the same time.

"How much did you lose?" asked the captain.

"Close to $100,000—$5,000 in gold $40,000 in greenbacks, and about $50,000 in Liberty bonds."

"Well, don't worry; we'll get them."

The captain's voice did not sound as confident to Ray Barr as his words.

"I'll phone the hospital before we go," suggested the plain-clothes man, and they all waited.

He turned away from the phone with a frown.

"The poor fellow is hovering between life and death," he said. "His wound is no more serious than the injury to his skull where he somehow struck with full force on the sidewalk. The doctor says a bone may be pressing on his brain, and if they operate he probably will have lost his memory, even if he should regain consciousness and finally recover."

As Ray Barr walked home, hat in hand, he often ran his hand through his thick, black hair, as was his custom when thinking. This had been his method of expressing perplexity at something Mae Cameron had said back in the days when he was uncertain as to the outcome of his suit. But his worries in that direction, aside from financial, were over now. The financial part was one reason for his concentrating so exclusively on this bank problem.

He sat on the steps of the cottage in which he lived, not yet ready to go in and talk to his widowed mother, which would mean the end of concentration for a while. Carefully he went over every word of the examination. Suddenly he stiffened. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

Snatching his hat from the step beside him, he started rapidly back toward the bank. Once there, he searched about the sidewalk in front of the bank, the arc light on the corner aiding him somewhat. Later he went over the curb into the gutter, lighting matches to reveal objects in the mud which the distant light failed to disclose. At last he picked something up, pulled a piece of paper from his pocket with the other hand, and rolled the object carefully in the paper.

Then he walked rapidly to the north a couple of blocks and knocked on the door of a small house.

A bushy-haired young man, evidently in artist's togs, came to the door.

"Hello, Ray, what's up?"

"It's a long story," he said, unrolling the object, "but there is something I want you to do for me quickly."

While he washed the mud from the prize in the kitchen sink he explained what he wanted done.

"It's the only clue worth anything," he concluded, "and the only sure evidence we can use to prove the build of the man I suspect."

Meanwhile the police were grilling "Saw-Tooth Charlie," who had been found quietly eating supper at home, contrary to their expectations.

"What were you doing from five to seven this evening?"

"I worked till five and then played pool with a couple of fellows I met."

"Where?"

"Mussey's."

"Can you prove it?"

"Not unless the boy who racked the pool balls remembers me or unless I run across these men again. I knew them only as Fred and Jack. They said that they live on the North Side."

"We'll have the rack boy here in the morning, And I'm sure he'll know you," added the captain sarcastically. "What time did you leave the pool hall?"

"About six."

"And you reached home?"

"At 6.30."

"You must have taken a taxi," sneered the officer.

"One of my new friends had a car and he brought me home," explained the prisoner quietly.

"Saw-Tooth Charlie" was by far the quieter of the two. He was a rather good-looking chap, aside from his uneven teeth, and neatly but plainly dressed. He was reported to have a very sensible, pretty wife, who had courageously taken up the duties of providing for the two children when he went to jail. Her beauty and kindness and her evident devotion to her husband had been the sensation of his trial and had almost been the means of obtaining a new trial for him, because of the doubtful evidence and the sympathy for his wife.

"So you came home in an automobile at 6.30," growled the captain, "with two men. Where did you drop off the other two?"

"There were no other two," said the prisoner patiently.

"G'wan, you liar," snarled the captain, losing his temper. "You won't see your wife for a long spell this time."

The man's rage flashed out at this mention of his wife.

"There will be no sending an innocent man to jail again," he said. He leveled an accusing finger at the captain. "It is just such fat-headed, foul-mouthed fools as you with your hurry to pin the blame on some one that jam a case through the courts even sometimes. But you can't this one, you blue-coated pig. I'll prove an alibi if I have to have Chicago combed for these men."

The captain, taken aback at first at this outburst, had been growing redder and redder of countenance, until now his face was almost purple. He raised a heavy fist to strike the handcuffed man down, but suddenly remembered that the old days were passed. Now sometimes there were investigations, like the one he had just slipped through.

"Take the crook away," he choked.

The next morning Ray could not wait for the president to get down to the bank. He went over to his house and broke right in on his breakfast.

"This is too important to delay," he said. "If

you will send this telegram I think I can have the whole gang rounded up for you by midnight. I don't know the address or I would send it."

The president looked at the yellow slip in surprise. He objected, but Ray managed to overrule his objections without disclosing his whole hand. His manner, more than anything else, impressed the president. The wire was sent, and a little later an answer received.

"Leave at 10.30," read the president. "Will motor right from the station to the bank."

An examination of time-table followed.

"He will arrive at the Northwestern Station at 3.20," said the president, "and ought to be out here by four."

"Have the same crowd here as yesterday, and also Saw-Tooth Charlie," requested Ray, "and I promise some interesting developments."

At 3.45 they were all there. The captain was explaining in an undertone to President Marvin about "Saw-Tooth Charlie."

"The boy who racked the balls says he thinks he remembers Charlie from last night, but isn't sure, as he don't pay much attention to customers. The teamster says that Charlie looks different but is about the same size of the man he saw. When we dressed him in a brown suit and tan shoes and a silk shirt we almost won the teamster over."

"That almost settles it that he is innocent, doesn't it?"

"Not at all," said the captain quickly. "The teamster may decide soon that it really was him. Anyway he might have been in on the inside work. It was his sort of a job."

The banker looked keenly at the firm chin and clear blue eyes of the handcuffed man.

"He doesn't look like a thief," he observed.

Just then the expected man entered. His heels clicked importantly on the marble floor of the lobby. He looked with some surprise at the waiting group.

"You sent for me, J. B.?" he said.

"Yes," replied President Marvin. "I want you to meet Captain Gurley. Captain, our cashier, Mr. Carter."

They shook hands cordially.

"I suppose you have read about the robbery?" continued the president.

"Yes, I had a Chicage paper at my hotel. But how can I help?"

Ray, who had been standing beside the teamster, stepped forward.

"By telling who the other four were, Mr. Carter," he said.

Every one gasped, and the accused man turned pale, but the angry color soon flashed back into his cheeks.

"What do you mean?" he raged.

"Simply that you were one of the five yesterday. You told them the lay of the bank, but you couldn't come in, as one of us might recognize you, even with a mask on. You thought it would all be done so quickly that no one would pass who knew you. You stood there eating an apple, so that any one who might see you would think that nothing unusual was happening in the bank."

"Kick this young fool out," stormed Carter. He hasn't the slightest proof of any of this."

"This man recognizes you," Ray declared, pointing dramatically at the teamster, who stepped forward, nodding his head.

Carter appeared a bit shaken. The plain-clothes man edged behind him.

"It is all a mistake," he said. "This man will soon realize that he is mistaken."

Ray produced a plaster cast which he held up.

"This was made by an artist friend of mine from the teeth marks on the uneaten portion of the look-out's apple, which I recovered in the evening. If you will permit me, Mr. Carter, I shall show you that this fits your teeth perfectly."

Carter's revolver was half way from his pocket when the plain-clothes man leaped on his back like a panther, and he was soon handcuffed and held tightly while the test was made. The cast fitted perfectly. It did not fit Charlie's teeth.

"I knew it was not Charlie as soon as I examined the apple," said Ray. "It showed that the man eating it had a tooth out on the left side in the lower part of the jaw, while I remember distinctly the picture of Charlie with his famous smile just published showed him with a right upper missing. I noticed particularly because it is my business to know crooks who might come to my window with forged or stolen checks. Then I happened to think of the cashier's absence, his missing tooth and the bandits' familarily with the bank behind the cages, though none of them could have been former employees or we would have recognized them."

Ray was granted a month's vacation for his honeymoon, he having persuaded Mae to get ready quickly now that they had added $500 to their tiny nest egg.

While at Mackinac Island he received a cheery letter from the president, which told among other things that Detective Kelly was well on the road to recovery. The last paragraph follows:

"Carter has confessed and implicated the others, who were arrested and most of the $100,000 recovered. So really your work landed the whole gang. Therefore I am placing $2,000 to your credit in our Savings Department. The directors to-day elected Brandon Cashier and you his assistant at a 50 per cent. increase in salary.

"Best regards. J. B. MARVIN."

Ray showed this letter to his pretty bride.

"Your powers of observation come in handy sometimes, don't they dear?" she observed.

"Yes, for instance, the time when I picked out you."

His reward for this speech was not in words, but he appeared to be abundantly satisfied.

The Clue of the Lizard Pin

By AN OLD DETECTIVE

PART FIRST.

HIS name was supposed to be Robin Burley; but he was called, familiarly or dersively, "Ragged Robin."

He was a youth of nineteen, lank and ungainly of figure. He had a sallow, roly-poly countenance, eyes like those of an owl, and a broad mouth which displayed dazzling white teeth, sharp and protruding like those of a squirrel.

His clothing usually suggested a bargain with some accommodating ragman.

Ragged Robin had picked up a little education amid the hardships of his life; and he had one remarkable talent; he could draw skilfully and correctly any object, animate or inanimate, which he had ever beheld, and he could imitate exactly any penmanship.

At the time Robin was employed as a sort of under groom in the private stable of John Daryl, who had amassed a large fortune in commerce, but had retired from business some years before.

He resided in a substantial mansion in a fine neighborhood; and his family consisted of a niece, a couple of nephews, a handsome young woman who acted as his private secretary, and the ordinary quota of servants.

One morning the old gentleman discovered that he had been made the victim of a series of astonishing forgeries and swindles.

The discovery was made through a check for a large amount which had been cashed at the bank where he had deposited, which, was presented at the order of a Mrs. May Brandon, and which was brought to his notice that morning.

The old gentleman had no knowledge of any such person as Mrs. May Brandon, and he repudiated the check, although how a forged signature could be so exactly like his own was a matter of amazement to him.

He was yet more amazed to learn that thousands of dollars had been drawn from the bank by similar checks during the past few months.

A little inquiry in various quarters revealed the fact that merchants and tradespeople had also taken what purported to be his order for goods, which had been delivered to the mysterious May Brandon.

She was described as a person of eminently respectable appearance, with snow-white hair, and wearing the mourning of a widow.

After consulting with the different members of his household, the old gentleman sent for a detective known as Ed Martin.

"Did you ever see anything equal to that?" he asked, as he placed a spurious and a genuine signature side by side for Ed's comparison.

The execution was indeed marvelous.

"I know of but one individual capable of such cunning penmanship," Mr. Daryl continued, thoughtfully.

"Who is that individual?"

"He is a young ragamuffin we have had for the last three or four years about the stables. Penmanship is his pastime."

"It is possible Ragged Robin may have deceived us all; he may not be as simple and stupid as he seems," Mr. Daryl's private secretary observed.

This young woman was known as Varonique Dale. She was a tall, showy blonde, with peculiar, almond-shaped brown eyes, and the possessor of a remarkably musical and bell-like voice.

"I don't see how we could connect the boy with a crime of this kind," Mr. Daryl answered.

But the result of the conversation was that, some time later, Ed made his way to Mr. Daryl's stables with the intention of questioning Ragged Robin.

At sight of the queer youth he could scarcely restrain himself from laughing outright.

But Ed soon perceived that Robin, however ragged he might be, was the reverse of a simpleton.

And he was not long in deciding that he knew more about the forgery than he would be likely to admit, and that he was suffering great disturbance of mind concerning the matter also.

At Ed's entrance he was sitting dejectedly on a loose pile of straw. He turned a startled face toward Martin at his approach, and he looked the picture of terror as he proceeded to question him.

"If you have had a hand in the matter, my boy, you had better own up. It will all come out sooner or later anyhow," Ed said to him at last, as he remained obstinately silent to all inquiries.

"It's no use to quiz me, Mister Detective, I hain't got nuthin' to tell. And if you want to lock me up, you may, providing you can catch me," said Ragged Robin, his owl eyes bigger than ever with alarm and defiance.

Indeed, Martin was already meditating the advisability of marching him away a prisoner.

"Come now, make a clean breast of it, Robin," he urged him. "I am convinced you can give me a clue to the guilty party at least. Did not this May Brandon persuade you to show her how nicely you could imitate any kind of handwriting? Didn't you then write Mr. Daryl's signature on several slips of paper which she produced? And didn't she take the slips away with her? Isn't that the way of it?" The detective

had put words for his own defense into his mouth, as it were; he had shown him a way to clear himself. But still he remained stubbornly reticent.

Suddenly he arose to his feet and faced Ed. At the moment the youth was like one transformed.

"I said I had nothing to tell. What I said I meant. You might quiz me till doomsday, and my answer would be the same."

"Then there is but one course left to me, Robin. I must make you my prisoner."

"You may, if you can."

But as the detective stepped toward him, before he had moved two paces he whirled like a flash and darted toward the farther side of the stable.

"My boy, you must stop or take the consequences!" Ed called after him.

He disliked to fire upon the boy, but he disliked also to fail in making what he knew would be an important arrest, even if Ragged Robin were less guilty than might be suspected.

With a bound he gained the rungs of an upright ladder, up which he clambered with the agility of a monkey, and the next second had disappeared through a trap-door opening into the hay loft. The detective followed him with less speed than difficulty, as he was unused to that mode of ascent and as he had closed the heavy trap-door behind him.

When he had finally succeeded in elevating himself into the loft the place was empty.

Ragged Robin had neatly eluded him.

A small square window opening upon a high grape trellis showed the way he had gone.

As Ed peered forth he heard a mocking chuckle, and saw an uncouth figure flying down the cross street with the speed of a racehorse.

So the detective scrambled down the perpendicular ladder, and returned to the house.

Mr. Daryl was surprised at what seemed to point toward Ragged Robin as being implicated in the mysterious forgery.

"I wouldn't have believed the boy such a cunning scoundrel," he said. "But perhaps it is better he is at liberty. If he really is the Brandon woman's accomplice, they will meet somewhere; to shadow him will be to track her."

"Who had access to your checkbook?" inquired Martin.

"No one. But your query reminds me that some months ago it was swept out of my study by a careless housemaid, and that several of the checks were mutilated or torn out entirely by my niece Flora's pet terrier."

"That explains how the checks got into the forger's hands. With his peculiar talent, Ragged Robin couldn't resist the temptation of trying his luck with them."

As Ed spoke his attention was attracted by a sharp, half stifled cry, which broke at the instant from the lips of his niece, Flora.

She was a remarkably pretty girl of not more than sixteen, with a bright, gypsy face, large, dark eyes, brimming with mischief, and with cheeks and lips as red as poppies.

But at the instant her pretty face had turned pale, and her eyes were full of startled terror.

"What theory would you advance, Miss Flora?" said the detective.

"Nothing—there is nothing I can tell," she stammered almost in the same words, and with the same manner as Ragged Robin a little while before.

There was some secret here, at all events. Evidently the case was to be one of more mystery than Ed had supposed.

He made a mental note of Miss Flora's strange agitation and singular reply, and a few minutes afterward left the house.

It was already nearly dark, and the early autumn dusk was settling into a dismal, cloudy night. The officer had traversed some dozen blocks from the Daryl mansion, and was walking slowly along when a tall and slender woman with snow-white hair and wearing widow's mourning suddenly glided past him.

Something in her appearance suggested the description of the mysterious Mrs. May Brandon, and with the prompt interest of the detective, Ed quickened his steps and followed her.

At some distance farther down the avenue she turned into an intersecting street. And Martin had just stepped upon the crossing when a young man whom he had observed sauntering on the opposite side rounded the corner and walked onward just beyond.

The young man wore a plain business suit, a neat derby and spotlessly fresh collar and cuffs.

As he passed beneath the full light of a street lamp, and Ed had a fair view of his features and figure, he could barely suppress an ejaculation of wonder.

The young man was Ragged Robin! The detective's wonder changed to keen interest when he perceived that he was also unmistakably following the tall woman in widow's mourning.

Keeping himself cautiously in the shadow of the wall, Ed moved on behind them at a discreet distance, until they were nearing the extreme end of the street.

Here the woman tripped up the low steps of an ordinary two-storied brick house, glanced hastily around and then entered.

As she disappeared Ragged Robin also ascended the steps and vanished inside.

As Ed followed closely in the wake of the two whom he was shadowing he was impressed by the darkness and stillness which prevailed within.

But as the door swung negligently ajar Martin stepped boldly into the unlighted hall.

A faint groan seemed to rise from the floor just beyond, and he had taken but a few paces forward when he stumbled over a prostrate human body.

To strike a match was the work of a second. Then in the flickering light he beheld a young man lying on the bare boards of the floor, wounded, bleeding and almost unconscious.

In a single glance Ed saw that the house was untenanted, and that the young fellow lying there wounded and perhaps dying was none other than Ragged Robin.

PART SECOND.

WHEN Ed Martin discovered that the man lying wounded in the hall of the untenanted house was none other than the queer youth Ragged Robin his first move was to secure a better light than his match afforded.

Fortunately the gas meter had not been removed, and in an instant he had lighted one of the jets overhead.

His second move was to ascertain the extent and cause of his injuries.

A little examination revealed that a loose banister from the upper part of the staircase had been hurled down upon him.

The blow had stunned him partially, and the gash was bleeding profusely; but the injury was not serious, and he was rapidly recovering his senses.

A linen handkerchief soon stanched the blood, and a swallow from Ed's pocket-flask revived him.

"What were you doing here, and where is the woman?" the officer asked as he helped him to his feet.

"I have nothing to tell you," was his stubborn answer, as he recognized the detective.

Under the circumstances there was no alternative. It was Ed's duty to take the perplexing youth into custody.

Ed handed him over to a police sergeant who happened along, and went back to the empty house to renew his investigations.

It occurred to him that the woman in black was aware of being shadowed, and that she had eluded pursuit by taking refuge on the roof.

The hatch was open, and as he stopped on the short, easy flight of steps and listened he heard footsteps rattling softly over the gravel.

But the footsteps were evidently at the other end of the row, and receding.

Presently the sound ceased altogether. Martin's eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and as he gazed down the level length of gray, graveled roofs he saw a tall black figure bending over the hatch of the furthest house in the row.

In a moment the figure was gone.

It was not very likely she would venture back to the vacant building. Martin was about retracing his steps, when he detected some small object glittering in the light his little bull's-eye shed upon the gravel.

He stooped and picked up a lace pin of odd design—a lizard of pale green enamel, dotted with rubies, and with diamond eyes!

Ed descended to the street, and immediately began a series of inquiries in the neighborhood.

He learned that the untenanted house had been a furnished room establishment, and that it had only been vacated the previous day.

One of the tenants—a widow of apparently unlimited means—had engaged rooms in the farther house at the other end of the row.

Five minutes later Ed rang the ball of that particular house, and inquired for Mrs. Brandon.

"Ah! the widow lady who only came here yesterday? She has just gone out. Can't inform you when she will return. We think she will be away much of the time; she has an invalid relative, and she is with the family more than she is at home."

The mysterious Mrs. May Brandon had escaped Martin, for that night at least.

It was rather late one evening when the detective walked away from the quiet neighborhood and turned into a busy portion of one of the great business avenues. He was passing one of those frequent buildings, composed of a restaurant below and tenements above, when two persons emerged from the hall door and started up the pavement just ahead.

One of the two was Mr. Daryl's handsome private secretary—Miss Veronique Dale.

The other was a flashily dressed, foreign-looking man, known as Jules Montrey, who had for some time been under the surveillance of the police.

As they left the restaurant they crossed the avenue and started in the direction of the Daryl residence. The detective was but a few paces behind, and their tones sounded sufficiently distinct to his keen ears, although their connected words he caught with difficulty.

"You have played the card for all it's worth, Dale," he had just heard the man say. "An entire change of quarters is the only safe thing. There is no knowing what minute *la belle* Brandon may be tracked and unmasked."

From the beginning he had entertained more or less suspicion of Miss Dale.

Now he felt his suspicion confirmed.

Miss Dale was the mysterious *la belle* Brandon, the woman who had drawn thousands of dollars by means of forged checks, to whom thousands of dollars' worth of costly silks and velvets and jewelry had been delivered by means of spurious orders.

Had Ragged Robin been her dupe?

Ed doubted it.

"I am prepared for a change of quarters," Ed heard Miss Dale reply. "We have only our tickets to buy, and to-morrow we shall be safe."

As she spoke they had reached the Daryl mansion. They separated, and the girl ran lightly up the steps.

Montrey sauntered back, and the officer kept close behind him.

It was his intention to follow him to his lodgings, take an officer with him, and put him under arrest. They had gone some blocks and had reached a spot where the street lamps were distant, and where pedestrians were few, and none at the moment in sight, when he abruptly whirled toward Ed.

"For what are you dogging my steps?" he growled fiercely.

He did not wait for the officer's response.

In a flash he had whisked forth a pistol—there was a click, a report, and then a bullet went tracing through the rim of Ed's hat.

His movement had been so precipitate that before Ed fairly realized what the fellow was doing he had dodged into an alley and was gone.

"A pretty close shave," Martin thought as he surveyed the stiff rim of his derby, through which the bullet had torn its way.

But he did not give chase. He took an officer and went straight to the restaurant building before mentioned, and where, as he rightly surmised, he had his lodgings.

And an hour later he was safe behind prison bars.

Miss Dale's arrest was delayed until later.

Early the next forenoon Ed arrived at Mr. Daryl's house and was promptly admitted by one of the housemaids.

"They is all in the back parlor," she informed the detective, and left him to proceed at his leisure.

The door was slightly open, and for a moment Ed hesitated, as he noticed that visitors were present.

The group was gathered in a dramatic attitude about a richly draped table, and the subject of discussion was Ragged Robin's astounding iniquity.

Pretty Flora, standing close beside her old uncle, looked half distracted.

The old gentleman himself was peering wrathfully through his glasses at the items of a bill which some one of *la belle* Brandon's dupes had just submitted to his consideration.

"Every article ought to be ten years added to the young scoundrel's sentence," Mr. Daryl declared furiously.

"But it was I who put the temptation in his way; it is I who am the guilty one," pretty Flora suddenly cried, her gypsy face distorted with grief, her hands clenched wildly.

"I wanted Robin to show me how nicely he could imitate everybody's penmanship. The checks were lying on the grass where the little terrier had torn them from the checkbook. I asked Robin to write your name and he did."

"And then you let Robin keep the checks he had ornamented with my signature," Mr. Daryl said tartly.

"No; I put them in my work-basket, and afterward they were missing," Flora faltered.

Ed stepped into the room and placed his hand upon Miss Dale's wrist.

"And afterward this young woman took them and used them," said he. "Robin Burley's honesty is without spot or stain. This woman alone is guilty."

The young woman wrenched her hand from Ed's grasp and affected an expression of outraged dignity. The detective drew the enameled lizard pin from a pocket and flashed upon her.

"That bauble, dropped in your flight from the vacant house, betrayed you. You are my prisoner, Mrs. May Brandon; and your accomplice, Jules Montrey, is already under arrest."

She made no further resistance; she seemed stupefied with the shame of her exposure as Martin led her away.

In the trial to which she was brought shortly afterward she was identified as a notorious adventuress, who had figured in similar crimes on several previous occasions.

In the furnished room she had herself occupied were two huge Saratoga trunks packed with the costly goods which she had obtained by means of the forged orders or checks.

Most of the forgery was of her own execution; and she was proven to be an experienced adept in that sort of crime.

Both *la belle* Brandon and her accomplice, Jules Montrey, were punished with the severest sentence the law can inflict.

Ragged Robin was honorably released without examination.

"What made you say you had nothing to tell?" Ed asked him.

"I was afraid Miss Flora had been tempted to use the checks; and I would have died before I would have said a word to let anybody suspect her."

"Why did you shadow the widow that night?"

"I had my own thoughts," he said laconically.

"I see," laughed Ed. "You suspected the young lady secretary from the beginning, and you were afraid she purposed to shift her guilt upon pretty Flora."

"That's about it," he said.

At Ragged Robin's words Martin recalled pretty Flora's distracted confession, and a sudden thought flashed upon his brain.

The girl would have incriminated herself to shield the young fellow from condemnation, and he would have died before he would have breathed a syllable which might have directed suspicion against her. The detective fancied something more than an ordinary sentiment existed between the queer youth and the rich Mr. Daryl's young niece.

And he was not wrong.

For pretty Flora is now Robin Burley's wife, and the once "Ragged Robin" is at the present writing a prosperous merchant.

The Crimson Scar

By CAPTAIN D. R. BRISTOW

SOME three years previous to the incidents I am about to relate one of my fellow detectives was detailed to work up a peculiar robbery case.

The peculiarity consisted in the marvelous cunning with which the robber had baffled all pursuit and suspicion as to his identity.

He was described as a man of ordinary size and appearance, and of ordinary dress, and his features were concealed by a black mask.

But below the mask and forming a jagged crescent from the right nostril to the right ear, was visible a hideous crimson scar. That scar was the only clue by which my fellow detective could hope to trace the identity of the criminal. After months of investigation he confessed himself completely baffled and dropped the case.

It remained for me, three years later, to unravel the peculiar mystery of the crimson scar, and this is how it happened:

An elderly gentleman of wealth and considerable prominence in business circles and whom we will call John Desmond was about to give a large and brilliant entertainment in honor of his only daughter's birthday. The event was to occur to Mr. Desmond's summer residence—an elegant villa about an hour's ride by rail from the city.

The day had arrived, and all the preparations were completed. Numerous presents of the most costly sort were displayed in a smaller room of the lower floor; the family plate, solid and of almost priceless value, had been brought from a city bank vault to adorn the dining-room.

As the house was situated in a somewhat isolated spot, and as such an accumulation of valuables might be a possible temptation to some alert burglar, Mr. Desmond had deemed some precaution advisable. Therefore, he had engaged me to be present through the entertainment, and to remain in the mansion until the next day—when the plate and jewelry would be returned to the safety of the bank vault.

Of course, there was no real fear of any burglarious attempt while the mansion was filled with guests. A thief meditating anything of the kind would naturally delay operations until the guests had departed and until everybody else was wrapped in the heavy slumber of fatigue.

At least that was how I reasoned as I sat on a side piazza, enjoying a cigar, and listening to the music and dancing in the opposite part of the house, and the buzz of conversation from some rustic relatives of the family in a room just beyond me.

It was something past midnight when suddenly a wild, shrill shriek echoed and re-echoed through the mansion. It was a girl's voice, and her piercing cry issued from a room in the rear of the dining-room; both were at the moment empty of guests, and the former opened by a low French window directly upon the grounds.

This window was almost upon a line with the piazza, and but a few feet distant.

As I heard the shriek I saw a man leap like a flash through the open casement, and dart toward the nearest clump of shrubbery. He carried a bag or bundle or what seemed no light burden, slung over his shoulders.

And I saw something else, which brought me to my feet as if electrified. As he crossed a band of brilliant moonlight, I noticed plainly and unmistakably defined from the right nostril to the right ear, below the black mask he wore, a hideous, crescent-shaped crimson scar.

My first impulse was to fire upon the bold thief; my second was to reserve my bullet until I should have overtaken him.

To do that I had not a second to lose, and, besides, if the fellow had an accomplice in the vicinity, I knew a desperate struggle was possible.

As I dashed past the open casements, I caught the view of a scene which, in a measure, explained the shriek echoing an instant before through the house.

Thrown back in a chair, as white and motionless as a corpse, lay Mr. Desmond's beautiful daughter. But I had no time to pause, nor was there any necessity for so doing, as her father, the startled guests and the terrified servants were already gathering about her.

Had a further crime been committed?

There was no doubt the girl had discovered the daring robber, and interrupted his operations.

Had the man of the crimson scar dealt beautiful Sylvia Desmond a mortal blow to save himself?

As the ghastly thought flashed upon my brain I was speeding in hot pursuit of the flying crook.

Through the grounds he flew, shunning the patches of moonlight and dodging into every shadow. At last, with the spring of a greyhound, he scaled a board fence and headed through a narrow grave toward a lonely strip of river bank. I flattered myself I was the swifter runner, but in scaling the fence he gained a dozen rods' advantage. I was becoming convinced that he had no confederate, that he had accomplished his daring exploit single-handed, and I determined to bring things to a crisis.

"Halt!" I shouted as I again gained upon him. "Halt, or I shall fire."

But even before the command had left my lips,

he had dodged behind a low pile of earth and boulders and eluded my aim.

In a second I reached the spot where he turned, but could not find a trace of him.

As I looked about I noticed a dark hollow between the boulders; but a glance of inspection showed only a crevice—a cleft not wide enough to admit the passage of a human body.

I was forced to conclude that the fellow had rounded the pile of earth and rocks—doubled cleverly while I was in straight pursuit, and so retraced the way we had come.

Nettled at my defeat in the whole extraordinary affair, I hurried back. As I reached the main road we had crossed a moment before, I perceived the figure of a man moving leisurely down the highway.

The man in stature, size and dress was amazingly like the mysterious villain of the crimson scar.

But as I quickened my steps and neared him, and I regarded him more closely, I could only decide I was mistaken. No crimson scar marked the visage of this individual; the other wore a drooping mustache of raven hue beneath his mask; this individual was beardless.

"My friend, have you chanced to notice about here just now a party with a bundle slung over his shoulders?" I inquired.

"Was he in a black mask—looked like a brigand, a regular Claude Duval from a masquerade party?"

"That's about the description."

"He's ahead of you—a long ways," was the answer.

And so he was, and in more ways than one, as I had yet to learn.

Just then a light top-buggy, drawn by a clean-limbed little sorrel, came at an easy pace down the road, and stopped just behind us.

"This is my carriage. Shall I give you a lift?" the man said, as he turned and stepped easily into the vehicle.

I was about to accept the offer, when I stopped in sheer amazement at sight of the other occupant of the carriage.

That occupant was a handsome young woman, with hair of dazzling gold and eyes as dark as night.

I recognized her as the wife of a notorious criminal—forger, adventurer and desperado—known as Jurillo.

And as I recognized the handsome woman I recognized also that the man I had just questioned was none other than Jurillo himself.

In a second I had suppressed every sign of surprise.

"I am obliged to you, my friend. I will accept your offer," I said as I made a movement to step into the buggy.

But at the instant the little sorrel shied, snorted, reared on her haunches and then started on a mad gallop down the road.

They were away in a flash, but the time was long enough for me to hear a muffled sound, something between a chuckle and an oath.

For one second Jurillo had turned for a backward glance; the brilliant moonlight had struck squarely upon the right side of his face.

In that second and in that light I detected a dull smear, as if some red coloring, like an actor's grease-paint, had been hastily wiped away.

The mystery was no longer a mystery to me; Carl Jurillo, beyond a doubt, was the robber.

But if he were the robber, what had he done with the plunder? was the question which quickly recurred to me.

Had he dropped it, secreted it in the crevice between the boulders, which I had observed?

The idea was worth testing anyway.

A half hour later I had secured an officer and we had proceeded to the spot.

We had provided ourselves with such implements as we presumed might be necessary, and after a few minutes' exertion we had the satisfaction of dragging forth from the cleft the bag of plunder.

We had barely brought it to light when we heard a gentle roll of wheels, and then soft footsteps rapidly approaching the place.

Jurillo, no doubt, fully believing that he had thrown me off the trail, was returning boldly for his secreted booty.

Concealing ourselves and the precious bag behind a projection of the larger boulder, we waited noiselessly and breathlessly until he was within reach. Then we stepped quietly forth and confronted him. He was too much astounded for resistance, and without a struggle we slipped a pair of iron bracelets over his wrists.

"You are not so much ahead this time, after all, Jurillo," I could not refrain from reminding him.

He growled something unintelligible as my assistant marched him away.

I followed with the precious bag, and with the black mask and disguising mustache which he had also stowed in the crevice.

My next move was to take prisoner the handsome young woman, who with the light buggy and fine little sorrel was awaiting the crook's return.

Her grief and horror were pitiful. Strange as it may appear, she was utterly ignorant of Jurillo's life of crime. She loved him devotedly, and believed whatever fairy stories the cunning scamp was pleased to tell her.

It was through the influence of her touching devotion that Jurillo was dealt with leniently.

Mr. Desmond's beautiful daughter had not been harmed by the robber.

She had fainted in terror at discovering him shouldering their valuables so coolly; but she was quite herself again when a few hours later she learned that the property was safe.

A Topaz Cuff-button

By EMMA ALICE JORDAN

A NEAT bit of work was once done by a young lady detective, who happened to be on the force.

Her name was Lizzie Basher, but she was better known in the profession as "The Red Weasel," and she was a weasel on a trail, alert, agile and always certain in the end to nab the game she had marked for her own.

She had been dubbed "red" in a jocular way and for the simple reason that she always wore the color. On duty and off duty, except in special instances where a disguise was necessary, she always dressed in red of a dark, dull, unobtrusive hue. Lizzie was a mere girl, not more than twenty, but her shrewdness and daring were matchless. She often succeeded in difficult cases where the keenest and bravest had failed, and in time she became a terror to the wrong-doers of the city.

The case, the incidents of which we are about to record, was remarkable for nothing except its mystery. It was a case of robbery, and the victim was an aged lady who resided in an old-fashioned house in the extreme upper portion of the city.

She was known as Mrs. Brinley, she was wealthy and a widow; and she had no relatives except a grandson, who was a telegraph operator employed in a downtown office, and with whom she had lately quarreled and forbidden the house. The old lady lived alone with the exceptions of a decrepit and half-deaf and blind woman servant and a handsome girl—a Miss Tennie Travers—who had been her companion for several years.

On the night of the robbery she had retired at the usual hour to her sleeping room, a large second-story apartment with windows opening on the roof of a low veranda at the back of the house.

Somewhere about midnight Mrs. Brinley had been awakened by some unusual sound. And at the moment she perceived a masked man rifling an old-fashioned wooden chest, wherein she was accustomed to keep her valuables and ready money.

Her exclamation of terror warned the masked intruder, and before she could utter an outcry he was beside her. In an instant he clutched her throat in a terrible grip. She knew nothing more; when her senses were restored to her it was broad day, and her servant, with Miss Travers, stood amazed and trembling with fright at her bedside.

She had at once sent for a detective, although this proceeding had been opposed by Miss Travers, who, it seemed, had almost unbounded influence with the aged widow.

"We all think that the masked robber must have been my grandson, Ben Brinley. Nobody else knew where I kept my money and valuables," the old lady said to the officer. "And Tennie don't like the idea of my being disgraced by the exposure. But the relationship won't save him; if Ben is guilty I am determined he shall be punished."

"Miss Travers is much attached to you," remarked the headquarters man.

"Yes; and she will some day have all my property, now Ben has turned out so badly," was the answer.

It would seem that with a view purely of her own self-interest handsome Tennie Travers would have no motive in silencing suspicion against Ben Brinley.

Anyhow, it struck the detective as a little singular that she should have so strenuously opposed Mrs. Brinley in sending for an officer.

"Have you any theory as to how the robber gained entrance to the house?" asked Mack, the detective.

"By the window over the veranda, we think. All the other windows and the doors were bolted on the inside, and the fastenings have not been disturbed."

Mack had just examined that particular window, and had convinced himself beyond a doubt that the masked robber had neither made his entrance nor his exit by that way.

"Are you sure you secured your own door on retiring?" he asked.

Tennie Travers answered for her.

"Oh, aunty never locks her own door," said she. "I am a light sleeper, and my room is within call."

"And you neither heard anything nor saw anything last night?" Mack queried, with his eyes full upon her handsome countenance.

She showed no sign of confusion; her self-possession remained perfect.

"If I had I don't think aunty would have been robbed of so much money and her diamonds too." She spoke as if she wondered at the absurdity of the query.

"No one outside the house except my grandson knew I had those diamonds," Mrs. Brinley remarked.

Miss Travers suggested that if the lady really meant to have the young fellow exposed and punished, there was no use allowing him time to escape.

"This gentleman has my orders to lock him up the moment he puts eyes on him," the old lady said. The sleuth informed her that there was no evidence as yet to justify him in doing that unless she should swear out a warrant for his arrest.

And so ended the interview.

Mack made a thorough inspection of the premises and detected several items of importance. The yard at the back of the house opened by a wooden gate into an alley leading toward the river bank. Between this gate and a rear door of the house he discovered footprints—the tracks of a man's broad shoe soles, and of a woman's small boot heels. It had rained early the previous evening, and these tracks were clearly defined in the partially dried earth. He had also noticed stains of mud in the hall and up the stairs.

From these facts he was convinced that the masked robber had been admitted to the house by an inmate, and that the inmate was a woman. The officer discovered also something which he believed to be a possible clue.

In a tuft of grass beside the gate he found a cuff-button— a curious article of novel and uncommon workmanship. It was of perfectly plain silver, highly polished, shaped like a shield, and set with a single yellow topez, sparkling as a diamond, and the size of a pea. Mack spent the remainder of the day in sundry investigations, but learned nothing which tended to actually incriminate young Ben Brinley.

From the few points disclosed it promised to be a case of peculiarly baffling mystery.

If he was the robber then Mack was satisfied he had an accomplice in the house. It was impossible that accomplice could be the deaf and decrepit woman servant. But if the confederate was handsome Tennie Travers, why would she express a belief in his guilt and advise his immediate arrest?

And why had she in the beginning so strenuously objected to detective service? Her reasons for having done so struck Mack as being insincere.

But would she be likely to abet a robber in plundering such a large amount from property which would some day be her own? The officer was obliged to admit he could not solve the riddle. And it was at this stage of investigation that the case was turned over to the girl detective, "the Red Weasel."

And so with the slight evidence Mack had collected and the clue of the curious sleeve-button, she started on the trail.

Several days passed and Mack had no report from her.

In the meantime the young telegraph operator had been arrested on Mrs. Brinley's warrant and was held for examination.

The girl sleuth had at once decided to shadow Mrs. Brinley's handsome companion, but nearly a week passed without a result of any kind. Then, late one afternoon, Tennie Travers left the house and took a significantly circuitous route toward the wild northwestern quarter of Central Park.

Miss Travers appeared hurried, and from time to time she glanced furtively and searchingly about. But she failed to notice a tall and agile figure in dull red, which was gliding not many paces behind.

In one of the least frequented parts of that mostly unfrequented locality Mrs. Brinley's trusted companion met a young man, whose appearance impressed the girl detective as being not wholly unknown to her, although for the moment she could not place him.

She slipped quietly behind a screen of thick shrubbery close to the spot where the two had paused. That Miss Travers and the young man were lovers she saw at a glance.

"I wouldn't take such risks for anybody but you," she heard Mrs. Brinley's promised heiress say.

"I shouldn't want you to, Tennie."

"I hurt my finger dreadfully fastenings things after you the other night, Mort."

And Miss Travers exhibited a swollen digit for her lover's contemplation.

The young man took the uplifted hand in both his own, and the motion showed an immaculate white cuff fastened by a curious button of polished silver, set with a sparkling yellow topaz.

For once the "Red Weasel" forgot her cunning.

At sight of the novel cuff-button, the counterpart of her clue, the girl detective started excitedly from behind the concealing shrubbery.

The jewel was not the sole cause of her excitement. With the mention of his name she had recognized the young man as an individual named Mort Sarkey, whom she had once helped bring to justice for some daring swindle in another city.

As the girl detective sprang so abruptly from the concealing shrubs Miss Travers and her companion stared, the one in alarmed surprise and the other in defiant consternation.

It was quite obvious that Sarkey had instantly recognized the dreaded "Red Weasel," and understood she was again on his trail.

His features turned livid; his eyes blazed like those of an infuriated tiger as he whispered something to Miss Travers—something which the alert ears of the girl detective did not catch.

It was evidently a request for Tennie to leave them, for with a reluctant backward glance she turned and disappeared rapidly down a path among the thick trees.

The Red Weasel knew she was alone with a man rendered desperate by the fear of being again tried for a crime.

As she realized that in so unfrequented a spot she was in a measure at his mercy, she commanded all her marvelous coolness and faced the situation.

"Resistance now won't help you any in the end, Sarkey."

She spoke quietly. One hand slipped among the folds of her red dress and drew forth a small pistol.

The movement seemed to madden him.

In an instant he struck the weapon from her hold, pinioned both her arms in the grip of his desperate hands, and so forced he into a grotto among the rocks.

"No one ever comes here but the rats. I have only to roll a big rock across the mouth of this charming grotto and you will have them for company the rest of your life, my trapped weasel," he hissed.

He had apparently mistaken her unresisting quietness for the stupor of overmastering terror.

For just then he loosened his grip with the intention of executing his threat and making her a captive in the grotto. But he had miscalculated his chances. It was the very moment for which the shrewd girl had hoped, and that moment was his doom.

In a second she had flashed out of his reach, stationed herself at the entrance of the grotto and covered him with a revolver.

The weapon he had struck from her hold was an unloaded toy affair, which she had displayed with the certainty that he would attempt to disarm her.

She had outwitted him.

He was her prisoner in the grotto, at the entrance of which she stood, resolute and unflinching, with the black muzzle of her formidable automatic yawning before his astonished eyes. "If you move a step nearer you are a dead man," she said, and he knew she meant it too.

Fortunately at that moment there was a thud of horses' hoofs, and the sound of voices in a bridle path within reach of her call.

Without moving a muscle or removing her terrible gaze from her captive's face, she uttered a ringing shout for help.

In an instant more a little crowd of persons, among them one of the park police, gathered about the grotto. And with the aid of the burly officer in gray the redoubtable Red Weasel had the satisfaction of escorting her prisoner to the nearest police station.

The charge of the Brinley robbery was fully proven against him, and he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Tennie Travers was never arrested. In the shame of being exposed as his accomplice, in her grief of being separated from the knave whom she loved despite his crimes, she ended her own life.

Of course, Ben Brinley was honorably released. He effected a reconciliation with his aged relative, and eventually inherited all her property.

The money and diamonds were recovered. And a pleasant ending of the case was the ultimate marriage of the young fellow with the girl detective, who had saved him from a life-long disgrace by her wonderful ability, aided by the clue of the topaz cuff-button.

THRIFTY CHINESE TURN PEACHSTONES INTO FUEL

NUMEROUS things which peoples of other nations do not hold as worthy of consideration are being turned into good use by the Chinese. For instance, their ingeniousness in utilizing things of no value whatsoever is shown by scavengers who collect peach stones in the street. Children and women are to be seen in the markets picking up and treasuring the peach stones. In the months of May, June and July the women and children of the poorer class appear in groups carrying baskets home when filled.

These peach stones have several uses. Broken into pieces and dried in the sun they furnish good fuel. The kernel, which has a good market value, is sold to the druggists for making medicine.

Another profitable use of the peach stones is to sell them to native artists or engravers who carve them into different forms of animals. Some of the larger stones, however, if round enough, are carved into fine finger rings, which cost between 20 and 30 cents each. Out of one full basket of peach stones ten or fifteen can be selected as suitable for engravers and they will be sold at a cent each, thus turning the waste materials into a good profit.

During the season one may see in the interior of South China the hut-yards of poor people full of peach stones drying in the sun. After having cleaned them groups of small girls and boys pick out the big stones. The smaller ones are broken up and used for fuel when the kernel has been taken out. Sometimes the kernels are sold to chemists or druggists. They are preserved in bottles and used as a cough medicine after the kernels are turned into white powder. In many small villages this white powder is a very cheap cough remedy.

Another waste material put to use by Chinese in different towns of each province are oyster shells. They are in great demand for the manufacture of Chinese lime. One "picul" of such shells (about 133 pounds) costs about 60 cents.

In many towns where there are many Chinese restaurants scavengers pack oyster shells in bamboo cases. In a front corner of Chinese houses in villages, especially those near coast cities, big baskets are put by scavengers as refuse boxes. When full, they pick out shells and even broken pottery ware, for everything has a market value in China.

The broken bowls and cracked pottery ware are broken into small particles and afterward sold to masons for making foundations of strong walls,

The Science of Fortune Telling

FORTUNE TELLING BY TEACUPS

Pour the grounds of tea or coffee into a white cup; shake them well about, so as to spread them over the surface; reverse the cup to drain away the superfluous contents, and then exercise your fertile fancy in discovering what the figures thus formed represent. Long, wavy lines denote vexations and losses—their importance depending on the number of lines. Straight ones, on the contrary, fortell peace, tranquillity and long life. Human figures are usually good omens, announcing love affairs and marriage. If circular figures predominate, the person for whom the experiment is made may expect to receive money. If these circles are connected by straight, unbroken lines, there will be a delay, but ultimately all will be satisfactory. Squares foretell peace and happiness; oblong figures, family discord; while curved, twisted or angular ones are certain signs of vexations and annoyances, their probable duration being determined by the number of figures. A crown signifies honor; a cross, news of death; a ring, marriage—if a letter can be discovered near it that will be the initial of the name of the future spouse. If the ring is in the clear part of the cup, it foretells a happy union; if clouds are about it, the contrary; but if it should chance to be quite at the bottom, then the marriage will never take place. A leaf of clover, or trefoil, is a good sign, denoting, if at the top of the cup, speedy good fortune, which will be more or less distant in case it appears at or near the bottom. The anchor, if at the bottom of the cup, denotes success in business; at the top and in the clear part, love and fidelity; but in thick or cloudy parts, inconstancy. The serpent is always the sign of an enemy, and if in the cloudy part gives warning that great prudence will be necessary to ward off misfortune. The coffin portends news of a death or long illness. The dog at the top of the cup denotes true and faithful friends; in the middle, that they are not to be trusted; but at the bottom, that they are secret enemies. The lily at the top of the cup fortells a happy marriage; at the bottom, anger. A letter signifies news; if in the clear, very welcome ones; surrounded by dots, a remittance of money; but if hemmed in by clouds, bad tidings and losses. A heart near it denotes a love letter. A single tree portends restoration in health; a group of trees in the clear, misfortune, which may be avoided; several trees wide apart promises that your wishes will be accomplished; if encompassed by dashes, it is a token that your fortune is in its blossom, and only requires care to bring to maturity; if surrounded by dots, riches. Mountains signify either friends or enemies, according to their situation. The sun, moon and stars denote happiness, success. The clouds, happiness or misfortune, according as they are bright or dark. Birds are good omens, but quadrupeds—with the exception of the dog—foretell trouble and difficulties. Fish imply good news from across the water. A triangle portends an unexpected legacy; a single straight line, a journey. The figure of a man indicates a speedy visitor; if the arm is outstretched, a present; when the figure is very distinct, it shows that the person expected will be of dark complexion, and vice versa. A crown near a cross indicates a large fortune resulting from death. Flowers are signs of joy, happiness and peaceful life. A heart surrounded by dots signifies joy, occasioned by the receipt of money; with a ring near it, approaching marriage.

RABDOMANCY

Rabdomancy is divination by means of a magic rod.

The divinatory wand is still employed in some places to discover water, in others it serves to disearth treasures, and for the tracing of thieves and felons.

A number of authors affirm the supreme power of the rod made of witch-hazel for discovery of water courses, and adepts give the manner of preparing the divinatory wand of using it in perfect.

As soon as the sun appears above the horizon you take in your left hand a virgin rod (not more than one year old), to be cleft from the wild hazel tree, and with your right lop it off with three blows, at the same time saying:

"I gather you in the name of Elohim, of Muthrattan, of Adonai, of Semiphoras, in order that you shall have all the virtues of the rod of Moses and of Jacob to discover all I want to know."

To cause it to turn it is necessary to say, while holding in the hand firmly and holding the two ends forming the fork:

"I order you in the name of Elohim, of Muthrattan, of Adonai and of Semiphoras to reveal to me——"

You indicate the object of the search, whether spring, money, thief or otherwise. The rod will turn and guide by inclining towards that you wish to discover.

In this country the witch-hazel contains the peculiar diving properties, as well as many curative properties.

To fashion a stick of this into a divining rod, to discover water or hidden treasure, it is simply necessary to balance it slightly between the second and middle finger of the left hand and turn your body around very slowly, commencing with your back against the sun. Should the rod perceptibly incline toward the earth, water or wealth is beneath your feet.

(To be continued)

The Meaning of Dreams

FLYING.—To dream you are flying is a very excellent omen; it foretells elevation of fortune; that you will arrive at dignity in the state, and be happy. If you are in love, your sweetheart will be true to you, and if you marry, you will have many children, who will all do well, and be very happy; it indicates that you will take a long journey, which will turn out advantageously to you.

FLOWERS.—To dream you are gathering flowers is a very favorable omen; expect to thrive in everything you undertake, and that you will be successful in love, marry happily, and have beautiful children; should they wither under your hands, then expect heavy losses in trade, that your sweetheart will die; or if you are married, that you will lose your husband or wife, and also your favorite child.

FORTUNE.—To dream you make a sudden fortune is a very bad omen; to the tradesman, it forebodes losses in trade, quarreling with his creditors, and the loss of liberty; to the lover, it denotes that your sweetheart does not return your love; to the sailor, it indicates storms and shipwrecks.

FOUNTAIN.—To dream you are at a fountain is a very favorable omen; if the waters are clear it denotes riches and honors; and in love it foretells great happiness in the marriage state, and that your sweetheart is of an amiable disposition and true to you; but if the waters appear muddy, then it denotes vexation and trouble, disappointment in business, inconstancy in your sweetheart, and misery in the marriage state.

FRIEND.—To dream you see a friend dead betokens hasty news of a joyous nature; if you are in love it foretells a speedy marriage with the object of your affections.

GALLOWS.—To dream of the gallows is a most fortunate omen; it shows that the dreamer will become rich and arrive at great honors; to the lover it shows the consummation of his most sanguine wishes, and that by marriage you will become rich and happy, have many children, particularly a son, who will become a great man and be the founder of his family's honor.

GARDEN.—To dream you are walking in a garden is of a very favorable omen; it portends elevation in fortune and dignity; to the lover it denotes great success and an advantageous marriage; to the tradesman it promises increase of business; to the farmer plentiful crops, and to the sailor pleasant and prosperous voyages.

GIFTS.—To dream you have anything given you is a sign that some good is about to happen to you; it also denotes that a speedy marriage will take place betwixt you and your sweetheart. To dream you have given anything away is the forerunner of adversity, and in love denotes sickness and inconstancy in your sweetheart or partner.

HORSES.—To dream of these useful animals is symptomatic of good; if you are mounted on a fine bony horse you will marry a very rich person; it also shows that you will change your situation in life; if you fall from your horse difficulties will occur and some unexpected disaster befall you.

HUNTING.—To dream you are hunting a fox and that he is killed shows much trouble through the pretensions of false friends, but that you will discover them and overcome all their machinations; if you are hunting a hare it is indicative of bad successes, you will be disappointed in your favorite object, be what it may; hunting a stag, if he is caught alive, denotes good to the dreamer, and that he will be successful in all his present undertakings.

INN.—To dream of being in an inn is a very unfavorable dream; it denotes poverty and want of success in undertakings; expect soon to be yourself, or some of your family, committed to prison.

KNIVES.—To dream of knives is a very unpropitious omen; it betokens law-suits, poverty, disgrace, strife, and a general failure in the pursuit of your projects; in love, it shows that your sweetheart is of a bad temper and unfaithful, and that if you marry you will live in enmity and misery.

LADDER.—To dream that you climb a ladder is a very good prognostic; it denotes that you will better your situation in life and arrive at honors in the state; in love, it denotes a happy marriage with the object of your affections, and that you will become by industry rich, and settle your children happily.

LEAPING.—To dream you are leaping over walls, bars or gates is a sign that you will encounter many difficulties in your present pursuits, and that your sweetheart will not marry you; if you are leaping over ditches, drains or hedges, it is a favorable omen, you will be successful in love, trade or other concerns; it also denotes that you will enter into a partnership with more than one person, by which you will accumulate riches and become very respectable.

LION.—To dream of seeing this king of beasts denotes that you will appear before your betters, and that you will be promoted to some lucrative office, accumulate riches, and marry a woman of great spirit; it argues success in trade and prosperity from a voyage by sea.

(To be continued.)

Current News

1,200 FEET OF PAPER A MINUTE

The largest print paper mill in the world is being installed at Grand Rapids, Mich. This mammoth machine will turn out paper at a speed of 1,200 feet a minute, which is a rate of several hundred feet more than the largest machine now in existence.

FACTS ABOUT FRANCE

In a population of 22,000,000 adults, of whom 12,000,000 are voters, France has 5,000,000 rural proprietors, 1,800,000 registered merchants (that is to say, proprietors of businesses), 2,000,000 holders of shares and bonds of railroads of the country, 300,000 having an interest in the capital stock of the banks, and finally, 14,000,000 who have savings accounts. These accounts amounted in 1913 to 5,818,000,000 francs. This has increased largely during the war.

ARMY OF 1,000,000 MEN

According to despatches from Paris, France, in accordance with the recommendations of Marshal Foch that she maintain a large army, at least for the immediate future, has decided to maintain an army of a million men until there shall be assurance that the number may be reduced. At the present time, there are about 800,000 men in the army. The new class will number about 300,000, and about 120,000 who have completed three years' service are about to be discharged.

ACTION OF RADIUM CHANGES COLOR OF PRECIOUS STONES

It is possible to change the color of precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A Frenchman who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He bought sapphires of different kinds and put them in a box containing a small quantity of radium. At the end of a month the transformations were as follows: White sapphires had become yellow; blue, green; violet, blue; wine-colored stones, red; dark blue, violet.

BOY BREAKS BOTH LEGS

Leo Pinkston, fifteen, of Sullivan, Ind., broke both legs while attempting to turn over in bed. The lad, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pinkston, has been confined to his bed for more than three months with a malady affecting the bones of his legs.

Physicians say his bones are brittle as chalk because of lack of phosphorus. So when Leo tired of one position and attempted to change the legs snapped. The broken bones were set and the doctors are awaiting with interest to see if they will knit.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOUND

An extraordinary illlustration of how hard to kill are some men is given in the Lancet (London) by Dr. H. J. B. Fry. A British soldier was hit by a German bullet on the left side of the abdomen. The bullet gouged the surface of the external iliac artery, penetrated the internal iliac vein, passed up this to the heart, passed through the heart and lodged in the left branch of the pulmonary artery. An X-ray photograph did not show it; there was no pain near the heart, but the left leg became gangrenous from its circulation being cut off and was amputated ten days after the wound was received. Finally the patient went into shock and died. He had survived this extraordinary wound a whole month.

REWED AFTER MANY YEARS

When Miss Nez Albertson of Anderson, Ind., and Walter Sutton of Van Horn, Tex., were married by the Rev. B. F. Brundage, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, they explained it was their second marriage. They were first married in Anderson twenty-one years ago, but disagreed over a small matter and Mrs. Sutton obtained a divorce and her maiden name was restored.

Mr. Sutton said that when he left Anderson he had less than $1. He became a ranch laborer in Texas. During the Madero administration in Mexico he went into Mexico and was an officer in Madero's army. After the assassination of Madero Mr. Sutton returned to Texas and had luck in oil land, finally buying and selling leases until he became wealthy. He came to Anderson on business and met his former wife.

ITALIAN NAILED TO CROSS BY INDIANS

Dr. Jose di Gabriele, the Italian religion zealot who was crucified by the Indian inhabitants of Tequizistlan, Oaxica, last Good Friday, arrived recently in Mexico City, en route to his home in Pachuca, apparently little the worse physically, but still harboring his beliefs.

Di Gabriele appeared in Oaxaca early in Lent, proclaiming himself to be the Saviour, and so worked on the superstitious and ignorant Indians that they crucified him, using railway spikes to nail him to a rude cross. He was taken down the next day and survived his ordeal, being viewed by thousands on Easter.

News of the crucifixion reached the capital of the state, Tehuantepec, and the Governor ordered Di Gabriele brought there. A great procession followed the cart in which he was transported. Later the Mayor of Tequizistlan, who acted as the Roman centurion, and four other principal figures in the crucifixion, were arrested.

AN INFANT PRODIGY

Twenty graybeards sitting in a square played chess in Paris against a very small boy 8 years old, and he beat them all. Among the graybeards were some of the best players in France, and one at least, whose boast it is that he drew with Capablanca, the Pan-American chess champion, but all their reputation availed them nothing against a frail child with a pale, thoughtful face, who moved quietly from one board to another, reducing their most skillful wiles to nothingness and mating them when they least expected it.

Samuel Rzeschewski is the name of the prodigy. He was born near Lodz, in Poland, and when he was 5 years old his father, himself a well-known player showed him the moves. For the paternal dignity the lesson was unfortunate. Within a fortnight Samuel was giving his father such thorough beatings that to equalize things he had to give him a rook and another piece.

At the Pavillon de le Rotende, against twenty of the best players of the Palais Royal Society, his victory was complete. Wearing a blue sailor suit, he stood alone in the square of tables and faced unperturbed his graybearded and bald antagonists. His face is intelligent and his head well shaped, but not abnormal. Only the gravity of his face showed that he was not any ordinary 8-year-old going to play "hunt the thimble" with an assembly of grandfathers.

Stepping quickly from one board to another, he spends little time on his moves. He seemed to see at once the weakness of his opponents' play. Once or twice, when one of them had moved foolishly, his brows contracted in a disapproving frown. For half a minute at most he stood in front of each board, whistling through his teeth, then moved decisively and left his opponent puzzling uselessly how to counter the attack. In the end every one of the men were soundly trounced.

From here Samuel is going to London to complete his conquest of Europe, and then his father says he must retire from public life and begin his education, which has been sadly neglected during the war.

WOULD EXPLORE EARTH'S INTERIOR

"The skin of an apple measures in the neighborhood of a hundredth of an inch in thickness. The apple—a large one—is, say, four inches in diameter. Enlarge it to the diameter of the earth and the skin will measure about twenty miles in thickness. What do we know about the skin of our apple?" asks the Scientific American Monthly.

"The deepest well ever bored is on the Lake farm near Fairmont, West Virginia. It is a hole six inches in diameter, which was driven to a depth of 7,579 feet, or nearly a mile and a half, before a slide of earth stopped further boring. The deepest mine shaft in the world is at Morro Velho, Brazil, which goes to a depth of 6,400 feet below the surface, or approximately one mile and a fifth. So far we have barely begun to gnaw through the skin of the earth. What do we know of the meat of this apple?

"We assume that the centre of the earth is hot, very hot indeed. Samples of the earth's interior are hurled out of volcanoes or pour as molten lava from the lips of craters, but we can only guess at the depth from which this material comes. We doubt that the core of the earth is molten.

"We know that as we dig into the earth the temperature rises, but the rise of temperature is not regular; it varies with different localities. In the lake well referred to above a temperature of 168.6 degrees Fahrenheit was observed at a depth of 7,500 feet. It is assumed that the boiling point would be reached at a depth of about 10,000 feet.

"Because we know so little of the interior of the earth it has been suggested that explorations be conducted into the interior of the earth for the purpose of obtaining scientific information. Some years ago Sir Charles A. Parsons proposed that a shaft be dug to a depth of twelve miles. It was objected at the time that the enormous pressure of the earth would make it difficult, if not impossible, to dig such a shaft. It was even suggested that the surrounding pressure would actually close the bore.

"However, small scale experiments have been made with high pressures and temperatures which indicate that such would not be the case, and it is probable that the full diameter of the bore could be maintained until so great a depth had been attained that the combined heat and pressure would render the rock plastic and cause it to flow into the bore. This would certainly not take place at a depth of less than thirty miles. No doubt the greatest obstacle to be overcome would be that of high temperature. Special cooling apparatus wuld be required to reduce the heat sufficiently to enable the workmen to perform their labors."

Sir Charles Parsons estimates that it would take thirty years to bore such a shaft as he suggests.

The Scientific American says: "Not only would the shaft be of interest to science, but it is quite probable that it would prove of commercial value. Those who have bewailed the fact that we are fast exhausting our stores of coal and oil and have been holding forth a gloomy prospect for posterity may be reminded that there are vast stores of heat confined within the earth which have not yet been tapped. Undoubtedly there are vast deposits of minerals still to be exploited, and it may be that there are materials rich in value yet to be discovered and put into the service of man.

"It is well worth our while to explore the skin of the apple we live upon."

PREDICTS DR. HYSLOP'S SPIRIT WILL APPEAR

Funeral services for Dr. James Harvey Hyslop, secretary and treasurer of the American Society for Scientific Research and at one time Professor of Logic at Columbia University, Manhattan, who died so suddenly at his Summer home, Glenwood Road, were held the afternoon of June 19, at Montclair, N. J. The Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb of Baltimore Md.; the Rev. Dr. Walter Prince of New York, and the Rev. Edgar S. Wires officiated. Dr. McComb conducted the ritualistic service.

Dr. Wiers, who was an associate of Dr. Hyslop during the time the latter was professor at Columbia University, said:

"Dr. Hyslop sought the truth and taught it, even when the subject of his remarks communicated with the other world, for which he was ridiculed by those who might be addressing him. Rev. Hyslop could not be put down when they sought to ridicule him."

Dr. Prince, for years associated with the American Society of Scientific Research, said:

"I firmly believe that he who lies there," pointing to the coffin, "will manifest himself to us, in his own good time."

Among those who attended the funeral services were William Hyslop of Springfield, Ohio; Frank Hyslop of Haddonfield, N. J., brothers of the Rev. Hyslop; William C. Peyton, president of the Board of Trustees of the American Institute of Scientific Research; Miles M. Dawson and Dr. Titus Bull, members of the Board of Trustees of the institution; Mrs. Titus Bull, G. B. Talbot, Dr. S. A. Knopp and Mrs. G. D. Sanders, all of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. McClellan of Gedney Farms, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. William F. Shedwick of Philadelphia.

Dr. Hyslop was buried in the South Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

EXPLORERS FIGHT AMAZON SAVAGES

A thrilling story of a running fight with cannibals in the wilderness along the Amazon River in South America was told recently by Professor Alexander Hamilton Rice, who came to port with members of his exploring party on the steamer Alban. The expedition which Professor Rice headed left here last July and proceeded to Parfa, Brazil, from which point the members penetrated to hitherto unexplored sections of the country of the Amazon.

Accompanying Professor Rice on the trip was his wife, Dr. Chester H. Ober of Newport, R. I., Dr. Guy E. Byers of Roosevelt Hospital, John C. Couzins and several personal attendants. Professor Rice said the Rio Negro and other outlets of the Amazon were charted, besides portions of the upper Orinoco River. He brought back with him many specimens which he announced he would present to the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, as he had done in the past.

Describing his fight with the cannibals, who, he said, were almost white in color, Professor Rice said:

"Early in January Mr. Ober, who is connected with the Geodetic Survey of our Government, Fuantes, left our base at Esmeralda, Brazil, to map our ground on a small island known as Raudaul Guaharibos. The place was seven days' journey from our base.

"In due time we reached the island and started at our task with very satisfactory results. We were about finished and ready to return to Esmeralda when one of the Indian guides of our party happened to glance across the river, which at that point was about ninety feet wide. He pointed to a naked savage running through the jungle undergrowth.

"The alarm was immediately given and we fired several shots at the savage. As we did this a signal was given by the man and more than 200 of his kind, almost white in color, sprang up from the bushes just across from us. In all my years of experience in the tropical jungles I have never seen such a ferocious group of men. Nearly all of them were armed with bows and arrows and many carried spears and blowguns. The savages averaged more than six feet tall, and I recognized them at once as cannibals of the Guaribos tribe, considered the most ferocious of all in either Venezuela or Brazil.

"I believe these cannibals have been seen but once before by outsiders, and on that occasion by Ensign Bobadilla, in 1763, during his exploration under the direction of the Spanish Government. This tribe are neighbors of the Narqui tribes, who hold them in deathly fear.

"When the savages made their appearance we attempted to parley with them in the Indian dialects that we know, but without avail. As we were talking with them they suddenly rushed into the stream, holding their bows above heads. The only arms our party had were a revolver, a shotgun and a rifle. With these weapons we fired volley after volley, killing several of their number. This succeeded in stopping their charge against us. They later made four other attempts, but were unable to carry out their purpose.

Professor Rice said that about twenty minutes after the cannibals were first seen the camp equipment and instruments were packed into the canoes and the trip back to Esmeralda was started with all possible haste.

"For four days and nights sleep was impossible," he went on. "The savages, who apparently had no boats of any sort, and who, I believe, did not know how to use them if they did have canoes, pursued us along the river bank. It seems almost miraculous that none of our party was injured. After the fourth day the tribesmen became disheartened over their inability to capture us for a meal and they gave up the chase. Three days later we arrived back in Esmeralda none the worse for our thrilling experience."

HUNDREDS OF MEXICANS NOW HEADED HOMEWARD

Hundreds of Mexicans are treking back to the land of the tamale and their nativity as a result of the latest revolution in the southern republic, according to railroad officials who are watching the steady flow of swarthy-skinned persons toward the Rio Grande. Dallas's own "Little Mexico," which gained in population from a few score ten years ago to more than six thousand in the 1920 census, is reported to be losing ground rapidly.

Since announcement of the death of Venustiano Carranza, seventy-five Mexicans—men, women and children—purchased tickets here for the border. Since then, railroad men said, from thirty to fifty citizens of the nation to the south have been leaving daily. Similar conditions are said to exist at other Southwestern cities.

Leading Mexican residents here declare confidence in the present revolution is responsible for so many natives returning home. Practically every native Mexican in Texas, they said, believes the new régimé to be the foundation for a stable government in their revolution-torn country.

BOY STONED TO DEATH

A boys' feud which has existed between the youngsters of Ellwood City, Pa., and Park Gate, resulted on June 15 in one of the feudists, John Spaniel, twelve years old, being stoned to death. Spaniel, with two companions, was picking strawberries along the Beaver River, near Park Gate, when five or six boys appeared on the road above Spaniel and his companions and began stoning the Ellwood City lads.

The old feud was reopened. Spaniel and his companions returned the "fire," but the Park Gate lads, having the advantage of position, soon began to place shots with accuracy, one stone striking young Spaniel in the head. The lad crumpled up and became unconscious. Several men who were working a short distance away were summoned by the companions of Spaniel and the latter was removed to the Ellwood City Hospital, where he died half an hour later.

District Attorney Nuss, of Ellwood City, has ordered an investigation and orders have been issued to the police to break up the feud.

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

By JAMES P. COGAN Price 85 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing, from the most elemental to the most advanced principles. This treatise covers everything a person must know in order to make money as a successful scenario writer. For sale by all News-dealers and Book-Stores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 85 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENARENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

168 West 23d Street, New York.

TAKE NOTICE!

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. Here are the latest numbers:

No.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-Maker and Law-Breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector John Harrigan.
33 "Tracked To China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue In the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trailed by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain On Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Charles F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Doctor Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Beulah Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William Hamilton Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by Caroline Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.

If you cannot procure any of the numbers you want from your newsdealer, send us the price, ten cents, in money or postage stamp, and we will mail them to you postage free. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

168 West 23d Street, New York.

DAINTY SOAP

In the harems of Turkey a fine soap is used for toilet purposes, a soap that is made at Teropoli, near Jerusalem. It comes in small cakes shaped like fancy biscuits, each stamped with an ornamental design.

This soap contains no animal grease, but is made from oil.

Cleanliness is a part of the religion of all Mohammedans, who must wash at least three times a day, consequently soap is an important object among them. At Teropoli some of the makers are running small factories that have been in operation for several hundred years, and the older of them ornament their product with a legend in Arabic that gives the name of the firm and the date of its foundation.

Cakes of this soap may occasionally be found in some of the Turkish shops in lower Washington street, New York, the center of a neighborhood in which live several thousands of Mohammedan families.

A recent patent covers a shoe to cure cold feet, a heated plate being inserted and the heat being retained by the close-fitting construction of the ankle of the shoe.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AIDS TO EFFICIENCY

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

AGENTS

DON'T GO THIRSTY: Try my punches, Port, Blackberry, Grape, Cherry, Orange, Claret, Bottle makes thirty glasses. Delicious beverage 50 cts. Agents wanted. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

AGENTS—To travel by automobile introducing our big line of fast summer sellers. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day easy. Complete outfit and automobile furnished to workers. Write at once for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 2386 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS. Learn about the profits supplying perfume to families by addressing Leffler & Co., 762 Walton, St. Louis, Mo.

ART AND DEN PICTURES

HIGH ART PHOTOS—Beautiful Models in artistic poses. Send 10 cts. for miniature sheet and price list. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

ORIENTAL DANCER; she does real Salome wiggle, sealed 25 cts. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS, sure to please. Send 25 cts. Hamilton Company, Barnes City, Iowa.

CLASSY girl pictures—2 beauties 25 cts.; sixteen $1; refunded if dissatisfied. Rosecaf, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE

SILK REMNANTS. Largest packages yet offered. Square of stamped satin free with every package. 15 cts. Silk Manufacturers Agency, Portland, Me.

LAND, in Michigan of 20, 40 or 80 acres make you independent; general crops, stock, poultry or fruit. $15 to $25 per acre. Easy payments. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Company, M1268, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, and MEN, too, to address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 wkly. No capital or experience required. Book explains everything; send 10 cts. to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVES AND DETECTIVES are in demand. Earn big money. Travel everywhere. Fascinating work. Learn this profession by home study. Particulars free. American School of Criminology, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 531 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for Booklet CM 101, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 186H, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

ELECTRICAL Tattooing Machine, $3, $5 and $7. Catalogue for stamp. J. H. Temke, 1019 Vine, K, Cincinnati, O.

SWEETHEARTS FISH LURE—Makes Fish Bite Like Hungry Wolves. Box, 25 cts.; Five, $1.00. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

BOOKS AND PHOTOS—Catalog FREE. United Sales Company, Springfield, Ill.

BOYS; 500 money-making secrets for 25 cts. to introduce our catalog of books. Send that quarter now to Empire Supply Co., 24 Norris Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

100 FOREIGN STAMPS ONE DIME. Nazarith Stamp Co., 135 Norwell St., Dorchester, 21 Mass.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER; INTERESTING VIEWS, postcards; ten, 15c; twenty, 25c; catalogue included. Stewart Company, Providence, Rhode Island.

MYSTIC wonder pictures, they're great; 2 packages 10 cents, silver. Durso, Dept. 39, 25 Mulberry St., New York City.

PERSONAL

IF YOU WISH a pretty and wealthy wife, write me enclosing a stamped envelope and I will answer. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O.

LONELY MAIDEN, 26, would marry. Write for picture. Box 150K, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRY. Most successful "Home Maker." Hundreds rich. Confidential, reliable, years' experience, descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Cal.

MARRY RICH, hundreds anxious, descriptive list free satisfaction guaranteed. Select Club, Dept. A, Rapid City, So. Dak.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., B720, Camden, N. J.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage, description, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY: Names, Addresses, ladies and gentlemen desiring early marriage 25 cts. Sweetheart's Magazine, Barnes City, Iowa.

GET MARRIED—Best Matrimonial Magazine published. Mailed FREE. Many worth from $1,000 and upward wanted to get married, either sex. American Distributor, Suite 217, Blairsville, Pa.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS beautiful ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 245, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY, many rich. Particulars for stamp. Mrs. Morrison, 3053 W. Holden St., Seattle, Wash.

MARRY. For sure success hundred select wealthy members, both sex, wishing marriage; strictly confidential; most reliable; years experience in this work; only honorable people wanted. Free list. The Successful Cupid, Mrs. Cappel, Box 115, Oakland, Cal.

WOULD YOU LIKE A WONDERFUL LITTLE WIFE? Write! Stamped envelope or no reply. Santee, Box 749, Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU WANT a Healthy, Wealthy, Loving Wife, write me. M. A., 4214 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY. Thousands of people; all ages; worth $5,000 to $50,000; anxious for marriage; write for any list, free. Ralph Hyde, B2 Minna St., San Francisco, Calif.

SCIENTIFIC

YOUR LIFE STORY in the stars. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 4307 Jefferson, Kansas City, Mo.

YOUR LIFE STORY in the stars. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Sherman, Rapid City, S. Dak.

ASTROLOGICAL READING given with Key to Health. 10 cts. birthdate, worth $1. Joseph L. Devere, 123 West Madison Street, Chicago.

SONGWRITERS

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write the music, publish and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 South Michigan Ave., Room 147, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write music, guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 So. Michigan Ave., Suite 249, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE A SONG—Love, Mother, Home, Childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Merlin, 293 Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG, we'll compose the melody free and publish the song complete. The Lenox Company, 125th St. and 8th Ave., Bishop Bldg., New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. Love, mother, or any subject. We compose music, guarantee free publication. Submit words today. Chicago Music Studios, Dept. 156, 725 N. Western, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I have best proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D104, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

RABBITS

READ THE RABBIT JOURNAL, St. Francis, Wis. Two years, $1.00; trial subscription, 25 cts.

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-TERING and stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 15 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

STRONG, CLEAR VOICE FOR YOU by this new inexpensive Anti-Stammering and Voice Perfecting Method. Send 50 cts. for complete instructions by which you will succeed. E. M. Jarvis, Box 1381, Salt Lake City, Utah.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. $1 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC, Baltimore, Md.

TOBACCO KILLS MANLY VIGOR. Quit habit easily. Any form, chewing, smoking or snuff, cured or no charge. If cured, $1. Stops craving, harmless. Full remedy on trial. Perkins Co., B-51 Hastings, Nebr.

WARNING

In keeping your bowels regular do not become addicted to weakening purgatives or mineral laxatives; just try **KOROLAX**; safe, gentle, wholesome. Best and goes farthest. Obtainable at busy druggists, everywhere. Korolax is relief for many ailments, including constipation, headaches, dizzy spells, belching, gas, heartburn, torpid liver, bad breath, nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, obesity, mental and physical dullness.

MAGIC

Become a Man of Mystery! Amaze and Mystify your friends. Easy to do. "10 Select Card Tricks" and Latest Illustrated Catalog of Pocket Tricks, Jokes, Puzzles and Imported Novelties mailed for only 6c. Send today! **LYLE DOUGLAS, Station A-6, Dallas, Texas.**

Earn $25.00 Weekly

AS A PRACTICAL NURSE

This simple home-study, short course, soon trains you. Learn how to recognise different diseases, to take temperature, care for patients, give baths, etc. Easily understood. Study "Nursing in The Home," by Dr. Lee H. Smith. This gives new improved methods, complete course, five hundred pages, only 50 cents. Send to-day. Money back, if not satisfied. No red-tape. World's Medical Press, 625-F Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MYSTIFY

Become popular as a MAGICIAN. Men, women, boys, girls, astonish and amuse with mind reading, ventriloquism, sleight of hand, wonderful tricks—things appear and disappear mysteriously. Cause roars of laughter with harmless jokes. Enjoy and profit by ouija board revelations.

Get Martinka's Pencil Mystery. A pencil laid in the palm of your hand mysteriously rises, then sinks down again, as often as you wish. You may allow pencil to be strictly examined. Amazing trick. Learn this, it never fails to baffle and bewilder; yet it's easy when you know how. Sent to you postpaid for only 25 cents, coin or stamps.

Catalog of mysteries, tricks, jokes, etc., mailed you FREE. We are the oldest magical supply house in America.

FREE

MARTINKA & CO., Inc., 493 Sixth Ave., 106-A, New York City

FREE AEROPLANE

Boys, we have a real Aeroplane for you. Modeled after famous war monoplanes. Called the Eagle because of its long soaring flights. The powerful motive power carries it right off the ground. Looks like sailing in the air. Strongly built. Will last long time. Length 23 in. Wing spread 21 in. Free for selling 24 packages Bluco Household Products at 10c each. Order by No. Send no money.

Bluco Co. Dept 692 Binghamton, N. Y.

FRECKLES

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Bear Oil Grows Hair

One of the potential ingredients of Kotalko—for the hair—is genuine *bear oil*, procured through hunters at a large cost. There are other active ingredients not found in any other hair preparation. Kotalko is an ointment. It has succeeded in many cases of baldness, falling hair and dandruff when every other hair lotion or treatment has proved futile. A $300 guarantee is offered to Kotalko users.

Why become or remain *bald* if you can grow hair? If others have obtained a new growth through Kotalko, *why not you?* Get a box at any busy drug store; or send 10 cents, silver or stamps, for testing package, *with proofs*, to John Hart Brittain, BW-101 Station F, New York City. Cut out and show others this advertisement.

THROW YOUR VOICE

Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, out in the hall or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Janitor, Policeman or Friends. The VENTRILO is a little instrument that fits into the mouth out of sight. Anyone can use it. Never Fails. A 32 page book on VENTRILOQUISM sent with the Ventrilo for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.

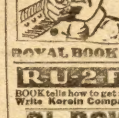
Kaiser's Dream

Will make you scream, given with above.

ROYAL NOV. CO., Box 9, South Norwalk, Conn.

CIGARETTE HABIT Why shorten YOUR life? Avoid nervousness or sleeplessness, melancholy, heart and eye weakness, loss of vigor, stomach and kidney disorder, throat or lung disease, cancer, neurasthenia, insanity! *Don't let cigarettes RUIN* organs manic. Be healthy, tranquil. Regain will-power and manly strength. Overcome smoking or chewing habit (any form) in 3 days, easily, safely, lastingly. Write for FREE BOOK to Edw. J. Woods, TA-601, Station F, New York

ALLEN OUTLAWS



A new illustrated book in 42 chapters. Tells the provocation that led up to the most daring gun fight on record, where they shoot the Judge Sheriff, States attorney, 3 Jurors, and 8 others in the Hillsville Court Room. All crimes have a woman back of it, and BOYS, this one is worth reading. Large bound book in plain wrapper for TEN Cents.

ROYAL BOOK CO., Dept 8a, Norwalk, Conn.

RU-2-FAT Become slender, graceful, attractive. Be healthier, happier, cheerful—live longer. FREE BOOK tells how to get rid of over-fatness by pleasant, simple method. Write Korein Company, NS-601, Station F, New York City

Oh BOYS it FLIES IT LOOPS THE LOOP

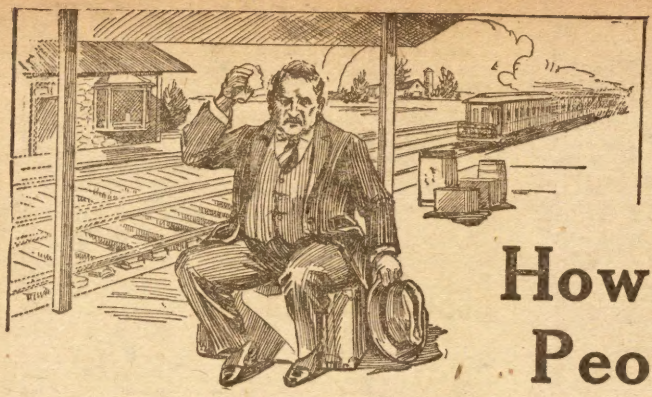
Looks like a real Plane in air. It glides gracefully as a bird. Will fly from 50 to 150 feet, depending upon operator. Great sport can be had with it. Can be used indoors also. It is beautifully marked in colors, Red, White and Blue. Will be sent complete with directions for operating. Price 20c (coin). Be first in your town to have one. Address

MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 52 New Haven, Conn.

CLOCKS STRIKE THIRTEEN

Among the most curious clocks in the world are two in Worsley, Lancashire, England, that never strike one. Instead they strike thirteen at 1 A. M. and 1 P. M. One of them is over the Earl of Ellesmere's place, called Worsley Hall, and is the original clock which the Duke of Bridgewater had placed in the tower. It is said that the Duke had the clock made so as to strike the "unlucky" number so as to warn his workmen that it was time to return after dinner.

This recalls the incident when the big clock of the houses of Parliament saved a man's life. A soldier in the reign of William and Mary was condemned by court martial for falling asleep while on duty on the terrace at Windsor. He stoutly denied the charge and by way of proof solemnly declared that he heard Old Tom (the predecessor of Big Ben) strike thirteen instead of twelve. The officers laughed at the idea, but while the man was in prison awaiting execution several persons came forward and swore that the clock actually did strike thirteen, whereupon the soldier was pardoned and released.



Don't Let Obesity Shorten Your Life!

How Fat People Escape from Slavery

NO MYSTERY IN THIS TRUE NARRATIVE

SUPPOSE a Fat Man and a Fat Woman became innocent victims of a relentless system of persecution. Imagine that they at last escaped their pursuers by changing their whole personal appearance, in other words by transforming themselves from heavy, waddling human porpoises to lithe, graceful and youthful looking figures. Doubtless you would consider it an excellent mystery story if the fact that these slim folks and the heavyweights were one and the same could be kept 'till the very last, solving the mystery of their escape.

It would probably seem rather far-fetched to you, especially if you are stout yourself and you might regard the transformation as purely a figment of the author's imagination.

But do you know that what you might regard as very improbable is an actual fact of everyday life and guaranteed to happen under certain treatment by a very responsible company to the extent of many $100 guarantees?

The home-self treatment we refer to is called the KOREIN SYSTEM, which includes:

For MEN and WOMEN

Oil of Korein

The Gentle Way To Reduce

$100.00 GUARANTEE

Now—if you follow the very simple rules which, with Oil of Korein, constitute the Korein system, before a great many days are passed you may expect a distinct and encouraging difference in your weight and measurements. Buy Oil of Korein at druggist's; or by mail. Price one dollar in store, or postpaid.

Perhaps you have tried violent exercising, religiously taking long exhausting walks, painfully contorting yourself into all kinds of ridiculous shapes in an attempt to become thin.

Perhaps you have undertaken to reduce by doping yourself with drastic drugs or vicious purgatives, by debilitating sweat baths or harmful thyroid. If you have done these things we know you will welcome the mild, gentle, happy, smile-invoking Korein system.

In Oil of Korein there is nothing in the least injurious to health. In fact, leading physicians recommend the component parts of the Korein system in obstinate and dangerous obesity cases.

Slender People Win

You know yourself how impossible it would be to win a foot race with a bar of pig iron suspended from your waist line even if you were slender and active. You might get in at the finish before someone else who was burden likewise, but you could never win.

So it is when you try to win social or business success. Always it is that burden of fat holding you back, denying you that full achievement of your ambition, love, health and other desires of your heart.

Do not tolerate your stoutness any longer. Resolve you shall have the svelt, grace and winning personality of those who are normal in weight and appearance.

How to Buy It

Go to any busy drug store right now and get a box of Oil of Korein or if you prefer send $1 to us direct. We will mail you a box postpaid in a plain cover. Remember the guarantee. It assures you a new life, one in which you will cease to be burdened by the objectionable fat that ties you down mentally and physically, shortening your years and making you the subject of pity and ill concealed derision. Start to reduce gracefully and for your own sake begin to-day.

Free Book

"How to Reduce Weight Happily"

Send your name and address and receive it in a plain cover. No one need know the treatment you are undertaking. Start to-day and surprise your friends with a wonderful change for the better.

KOREIN COMPANY, Inc.

NB-101, Station F, New York, N. Y.

BE SURE TO READ

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players.

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

The Best Film Magazine on Earth

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS-STANDS.

Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Screen Performers!

32 PAGES OF READING **OUT EVERY FRIDAY**

Each Number Contains Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses–Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios—Lessons in Scenario Writing—Poems, Jokes and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures.

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET.

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line. No amount of money is spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world. Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send 7 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you, postage free, any issue you desire.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, **166 West 23d Street, New York City**